

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 25, 1966

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3 1/4"



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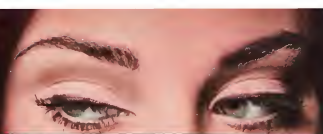
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By betting he says, "I have four 3's".



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Next week

MAD MEN OF THE DEEP, the ocean powerboat races are heading over the waves from Miami to Nassau once more. Hugh Whill will be on hand to watch them sink or swim.

A TROTTING TRADEMARK is the tan gelding unit that Octave Blake has worn all during his decades of distinguished service to the sport. Gerald Holland investigates its age.

ONLY HUNTERS who can endure the harshest elements should venture into Canada's Northwest Territories. Duncan Barnes describes the hardships and rewards of hunting there.

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On page 36 of this week's issue Jack Nicklaus tells how, after four days of regulation play in the Masters Tournament, he spotted on the TV screen a crucial defect in his putting style that he was able to correct in time to win the next day's playoff. And, beginning on page 92, Roone Arledge, a vice-president of the American Broadcasting Company, offers some shrewd and provocative views on sport and television. As a result more pages are devoted to television than is normal in one issue of this magazine, but we feel the space is well-spent. Television, you see, not only is a competitor of ours, but also our ally.

At about the time **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** started in 1954, television was just beginning to delve into sports in a big way. That was the year, for example, that the U.S. Open Golf championship was televised for the first time. Since then important golfing events have reached the viewer on a regular basis along with every other conceivable form of athletic competition. Like this magazine, television has realized that sport encompasses a vast world. As we have brought hunting, fishing, skating, curling, skiing, pool and bridge onto our pages, television has put them on the screen. And, certainly, television has done a great deal to heighten the popularity of such mass spectator sports as football, baseball and basketball.

None of this is to sidestep the fact that we have had our differences with the industry. One of the things Roone Arledge is concerned about is the proper posture for television when covering a sports event. Is television present at the stadium or on the course purely in a journalistic capacity, or does purchasing the rights entitle the network to make demands that in some instances detract from the competitions themselves? Frequently, it seems to both Arledge and us, television cannot make up its mind.

We believe that television is at its

best when it restricts itself to the role of journalist, tracking the viewer into the stadiums and allowing the events themselves to provide the fun and drama—just as they do for the ticket buyer. When it is reporting or interpreting, TV is sport's best friend.

Unfortunately, TV often finds it difficult to dissociate news from show business, and this attitude spills over into sport. Some of us still wince when we recall the remark of a TV executive who defended the CBS purchase of the New York Yankees by saying: "Mickey Mantle is just an entertainer, same as Jackie Gleason, isn't he?"

If the highest standards of show biz were applied to sport, I suppose every golf tournament would be won by a 35-foot putt on the 18th, every ball game salvaged by the home team in the bottom of the ninth, and every horse race decided by a nose. What a phony, dreary world that would be! And every athlete would have to be judged primarily as an actor, his reward geared to his ability to entertain rather than to the quality of his performance.

It is, of course, wrong for a TV and radio network to own a baseball club or to own anything else that it regularly covers as a journalistic responsibility. It is wrong for a TV network to own any major part of a sport. Conflict of interest inevitably arises and—worse—the temptation to distort one's property into one's own image. Already the millions of dollars that are being poured into sport by TV lend some elements in the industry to thank that football, golf, etc., belong to them and should be run their way.

These are real and pressing dangers, but they do not blind us to the fact that every day television does a fine, thrilling job of reporting the sports news.

Garry Hall



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Michaels/Stern tells you how to size yourself up in a new suit before you buy it

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Now, relax and stand *naturally* before the mirror. Resist the temptation to pose like a West Point cadet. Here are 6 points to check, and discuss with the fitter.

1. The coat collar should sit close to your neck at the back and sides, with about a half-inch of shirt showing.

2. The coat should be just long enough to cover your seat—but you can wear it about an inch or two shorter if you prefer.

3. Have the sleeves altered to full $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 inches above the tip of your thumb. No more than a half-inch of shirt cuffs should show.



4. Fasten the middle coat button. Sway your arms gently, shift your shoulders as though you were walking. If you see wrinkles where the fabric is buttoned, you need a larger size.

5. Look astern. The shoulder line and back should be smooth. If the fabric is too taut or too loose, have it altered or try another size.

6. Trousers should *not* break at the cuff (fashion experts agree on this). They should just graze the tops of your shoes. If you *must* on a break, make it a slight one—cuffs wear out quickly rubbing against your shoes.

Important: Never, never rush through a fitting—even with a Michaels/Stern suit. Remember, a well-fitted suit looks, feels, and wears better than an indifferently tailored one.



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Why G.E.? "Reliable," answers Mr. Throckmorton. And there's a good reason. G.E. makes every major

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Call for free survey. If you have forced-air heat, find out how little it costs to add G-E Central Air Conditioning. Call your G-E dealer for a free installation estimate. Ask him, too, about his easy financing terms. There's no obligation. See the Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning Equipment."

Make your house a "Home for All Seasons."

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Make sure the other half is General Electric— the manufacturer that makes every major part of its system.



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It all began in laser research. That's when GT&E scientists found that a rare-earth element—Europium—could be made to produce an unusually brilliant red hue. GT&E's Sylvania subsidiary took over from there. The result: the *color bright 85™* picture tube.

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Overhead Safety Control Panel



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You can compose electrically without running film, thanks to a second motor that does everything *but* run film. You can shoot telephoto close-ups of your youngsters at play without their even knowing you're taking their pictures.

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THE PERFORMANCE SHOE



FLORSHEIM

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Illustrated: The SEVILLE in black calf.

Men's styles \$19.95 to \$27.95 / Most Imperial styles \$36.95

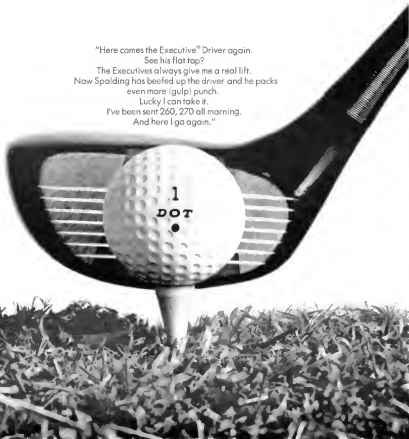


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See his flat top?
The Executives always give me a real lift.
Now Spalding has beefed up the driver and he packs
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Lucky I can take it.
I've been sent 260, 270 all morning.
And here I go again."



One reason lasers are working to keep down phone costs is that Western Electric is part of the Bell System.



It's all because Western Electric is concerned about your telephone rates. Our contribution to keeping them low is keeping down the price of the equipment we make for the Bell telephone com-

panies. And we do that by continually searching for better, more efficient ways of doing things.

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Because keeping phone costs low is as important to Western Electric as it is to your Bell telephone company. We're on the same team. We have been since 1882, working together with the same purpose: to keep bringing you the world's finest communications at low cost.



Western Electric

Western Electric is a Bell System company.





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BOOKTALK

The islands off the Newfoundland coast offered birds—but not men—a good life

Before the great auk was killed off a century and a half ago it made a last stand on a flat, treeless chunk of granite called Funk Island, 40 miles off the northeast coast of Newfoundland. In the opening chapters of *The Secret Islands* (Norton, \$5.95) Franklin Russell, a naturalist, tells how he suddenly became fed up with city life and drove north on an impulse to investigate the birds of the offshore islands—and the stage seems set for another of the now-familiar conservation studies on the way a species was wiped out. Not so, however, the author is concerned with the living, and in little more than two days' travel from Manhattan he found on such little-known places as Flowers Island, Great Island, Gull Island and Kent Island environments as strange as the ancient home of the auk.

Russell summons up a world of good-natured, iron-willed fishermen sailing their small boats among rolling icebergs, people who needed a lifetime of experience to be able to land him on the desolate islands he explored. (One chapter, *At Wiles Bay*, appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, April 26, 1965.) He found Bonaventure, where the gannets are pushing their nests into the forest above the cliffs, killing the trees; Flowers Island, harboring some 50,000 eider ducks; Kent, the largest herring-gull colony in North America; Great Island, which is honeycombed with the burrows of the largest colony of puffins to be found anywhere, awkward, waddling birds that nest in tunnels dug with their clawed paddle feet.

The Newfoundlanders regarded Funk Island with respect, if not with fear, and Russell seems to have gotten along with the natives as well as he did because of his determination to go there. He points a Dorelke picture of an avian hell. After the disappearance of the auks, Funk was taken over by murrelets—proliferate, wasteful, black-and-white birds. More than a million are now crowded on the island's few acres. "The air streamed with birds coming at me. I threw up my hands, shouted at them, but the shout was lost, ineffectual, not causing a single bird to swerve or otherwise acknowledge me." This was not sentimental bird watching, by any means. *The Secret Islands* is memorable for half a hundred such unsparring glimpses of the world of birds.

Scenes of the human life of the islands are less successful. They have a forced, nervous quality, as if the author desperately tried to find something engaging in the hard lives of the people he admired. The result is touching, but one wishes the author's graphic power could be devoted to environments a little less taxing for him.

—ROBERT CANNIOTT



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SCORECARD

A PLAGUE ON BOTH THEIR HOUSES

Judge Elmer Roller's decision against baseball and the quondam Milwaukee Braves leaves us feeling the way we assume most baseball fans feel: confused and irritated by the parties to the dispute. Certainly no one, with the possible exception of the citizens of Atlanta (and even they seem to have their doubts), can approve of the carpetbagging tactics of the Braves' owners, nor deny that their callous move to Atlanta was a serious blow to the prestige of big league baseball. Too, the National League's hurried approval of the Braves' plan to switch cities, leaving Milwaukee entirely without professional baseball, was terribly shortsighted and stupid. The failure of the baseball commissioner to take any forceful action in the situation was depressing, if not unexpected.

As for the State of Wisconsin, it has wallowed in self-assumed martyrdom these past two years and the legal action it has launched seems to have been inspired more by revenge ("We'll show those carpetbaggers") than by a true interest in baseball. The city of Milwaukee has conveniently forgotten its own rape of the Braves from Boston and its steady abandonment of the Braves while they were still Milwaukee's own. Judge Roller's decision says, on Page One, that the Braves averaged nearly 1,600,000 paid admissions in Milwaukee from 1953 through 1964. It more or less ignores the fact that attendance as long ago as 1961 was 500,000 below that average, and it fails to point out that Milwaukee's combined 1962 and 1963 home attendance was the worst in the National League.

It's a sorry mess all around. No one is going to come out of it with credit, and the biggest loser is the once-great game itself.

GRADES BEFORE GRISTLE

The first three years he coached at William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo., Norris Patterson followed the standard coaching philosophy—he recruited foot-

ball players for his football team. "They made good teams," says Patterson, "but their failure to keep up their grades caused us continual problems. When my fourth season rolled around I tried a new approach. We went looking for boys who were first of all academically sound and who had physically fit bodies. We sold them on coming to Jewell to get an education."

That was 12 years ago, and Jewell has won the Missouri College Athletic Union football title seven times since. What's more, Patterson sat down the other day and came up with an all-academic alumni team, chosen from his football squads of recent years, that has a doctor of philosophy at each end, at each guard, at center, at one tackle, at fullback and at the halfback positions. There were two Ph. D.s left over as spare halfbacks. Rounding out the team were three holders of M.D.s and, at tackle, a candidate for a Ph. D. in English.

Naturally, the coach of Patterson's alumni team should be Patterson. He holds a Ph. D., too.

THE LEBANON AFFAIR

Purdue University may be in trouble over a basketball scrimmage involving Rick Mount, one of the nation's most widely sought high school basketball stars (SI, Feb. 14). Both the NCAA and the Big Ten Conference are investigating a postseason session at Mount's school in Lebanon, Ind.

"We were on our way to Indianapolis," said Purdue Coach George King, "and I dropped off two boys to visit Mount." The two were 7-foot Chuck Davis of Garrett, Ind., who has signed on at Purdue, and Tennessee high school whiz Perry Wallace. The visit developed into a scrimmage that was joined by another Lebanon senior, three Indianapolis high school players and at least one member of Purdue's freshman squad.

Since NCAA recruiting rules forbid any practice session at which "one or more prospective student-athletes reveal

... or display their abilities," the NCAA and the Big Ten took one look at the Lebanon newspaper's report of the scrimmage and started probing. The Indiana High School Athletic Association suspended the prep players from spring sports—except Mount, who at 19 is beyond the age limit for them. Said Coach King, rather lamely: "Well, it was spring vacation and our guys play a lot of basketball everywhere."

PAULINE

The odds against Pauline, the golden eagle, were long from the start (Scorecard, April 11). You may remember that a gunman killed her mate and that she bravely attempted to hatch the two eggs in her nest near Carson City, Nev. despite nearby crowds of the curious. "There were just too many people," said Naturalist Bill Smih, one of those who tried to stand guard. Last week someone shot Pauline, too.

16 HOLES IN ONE

For a tourist paradise, Hawaii is long on beaches and short on golf courses. But that could change soon. Planners have



begun talking about famous old Diamond Head as the perfect site for a new course. Not on the hill—inside it, in the extinct volcano.

Impossible idea? Not entirely. The interior of Diamond Head contains about 500 acres, including slopes. The historic crater is 400 feet deep and has a floor of some 300 acres, part of which is a million-gallon lake.

Backers of the scheme are seeking a

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way to share the space with the National Guard, which trains there, and the Federal Aviation Agency, which has spotted the crater with electrical equipment. They must satisfy critics, who point out that there are only two tunnel entrances to the crater and that temperatures inside often get pretty uncomfortable.

These are minor problems, say the enthusiasts, when one considers the potential joys of golfing inside an old volcano. And no need to worry about those deep droids. The volcano has not erupted in maybe a million years.

WINNIBYRHO'S SEA RESCUE

Helicopter Pilot Jim Hinklin, a traffic trouble spotter for Honolulu's station KHVH, was up above the city minding his jams the other day when he glanced out to sea. He saw a different kind of trouble: the big sailing catamaran *Kepo-kar* becalmed off a nearby reef, toward which the ocean current was driving her.

Hinklin had a helicopter; a helicopter makes wind with its rotor; the *Kepo-kar* needed wind. Hinklin did not need a computer to feed him the answer. Whirling down to within two feet of the water he angled his chopper so the rotor blades made a favorable breeze for the *Kepo-kar*. Then he blew her off the rocks and safely into port.

It was the second such rescue for Hinklin and food for thought for sailors intolerant of motors, who have been known to shake their fists at helicopters that disturb the deep blue peace.

NO WHINING AT MY RING, NAGAN

Windsor Olson, a man among men, has decreed that no woman shall attend a fight his Seattle promotional outfit is staging in Vancouver. Olson says: "They're taking over everything. There's no place left where a man can go for a congenial evening, speak his mind and smoke a cigar without some gal sneezing and whining at him." He is opposed to women at fights, "because boxing is the last stronghold of masculinity."

This was fine for Olson—in Seattle. But in Vancouver, the fury that hell hath not broke over the head of local Matchmaker Dave Brown, an innocent bystander. "I had no idea it was going to turn out like this," said Brown. "My telephone hasn't stopped ringing since the announcement came out. One woman dared Brown to try and keep

her away, and there were other threats to storm the arena.

"Pretty soon," said Olson—in Seattle—"the boxers will be wearing lace pantaloons and the ropes around the ring will be replaced by pink ribbons. They [women] can just stay home where they belong."

Lots of luck, Windsor.

THAT'S TEACHING

He was having trouble with his form, Dallas highschooler Chester Ellis explained to Bowling Champion Bill Lillard. Would Lillard be kind enough to watch him roll a couple of balls and perhaps give him a few pointers? Sure, said Lillard, five-time winner of the American Bowling Congress title. And what did Chester do? He bowled a perfect 300 game.

CRISIS AT CANDLESTICK

Aside from the risk of getting sunburned knees, one would not think of those new short skirts as being hazardous. Yet the modish miniskirt does present problems to girls whose beaux take them out to the ball game. The combination of the skirts and the wooden seats of the ball parks mean more runs in nylon stockings than ever before.

The earliest authoritative report on this crisis comes from San Francisco, a city of beautiful and fashionable girls. Candlestick Park seats are snagging stockings despite maintenance work with sandpaper and shellac. And what are the girls doing about it? Well, there is an awful lot of mail to Candlestick and to the city's recreation department. It is uniformly angry, and many of the letters contain ripped stockings sent in as samples of the damage.

NANE-GROPPER

Bricklayer Peter O'Sullivan is a British soccer fan and a proud father. He decided that just any old name would not do for his third child, a girl. It should be something grand, he figured, honoring his favorite Liverpool team, its manager, coach and trainer.

May we present Miss Paula St. John Lawrence Lawler Byrne Strong Yeats Stevenson Callaghan Hunt Milne Smith Thompson Shankley Bennett Paisley—ah, yes—O'Sullivan.

SPOILSPORT

Since the 4th hole at Chicago's Edgebrook Golf Course is 296 yards—remember that figure—Newspaper Columnist

Mike Royko should have been delighted when he banged a drive some 25 yards beyond the green. Not Mike. He was suspicious and promised himself that he would measure the hole one day. Well, he has done it, and his findings are deflating.

The 4th, said Mike, is only 253 yards long. Worse, the 3rd is listed on the official scorecard as a par-5 376 yards and is only 310 yards, according to Mike. He skipped the 17th because it is being rebuilt but found that, all in all, distances for the other 17 holes, listed at 4,933 yards, actually fall 621 yards short of that. The broader implications are there for everyone to see: I var have that uncertain feeling about a hole on your course?

INDY GOES TO LONDON

The American television programs beamed to Europe via the Early Bird satellite have emphasized culture far more than the meaty stuff of our folkways. But next month audiences in London will see us in shirtsleeves, whooping it up at that redoubtable Memorial Day institution, the Indianapolis 500-mile race.

In its first live Atlantic crossing, the 500 will be beamed into 12 London theaters, and next year Germany, Italy, France and Sweden will tie in.

\$7 FOR 7,000

Forethoughtful folk planning summer vacations will want to know about the Federal Government's Operation Golden Eagle. It is a program to enlist support for the Land and Water Conservation Fund, which gives grants to state parks and other recreation grounds. To this good end the fund is offering what it calls a Golden Passport—a wallet-size card that entitles the purchaser and everyone in his car to enter any of 7,000 federal recreation areas. The permit is valid for unlimited use from this spring through March 31, 1967, and at seven bucks it's a bargain.

THEY SAID IT

• Whitney Ford, after losing 2-1 on Opening Day to left-hander Mickey Lolich of Detroit. "When Lolich beats me he tells everybody I'm his idol. I'm sick of being an idol to guys who beat me."

• Freddy Edwards, Texas linebacker, describing the technique of Longhorn football star Bill Bradley in spring drills: "He rolled out and I chased him to the sideline. It was just him and me. Then all of a sudden it was just him." **END**

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UNHAPPY RETURN OF

San Francisco, which had never seen Leo Durocher manage, did not know quite what to do with the famous Lip. On Opening Day when he was introduced to the crowd Leo took two steps forward from the line of Chicago Cubs and doffed his cap, and the people applauded him. This is contrary to what one is supposed to do on sighting Durocher.

But three days later his Cubs met the Dodgers in Los Angeles, a town that has seen a lot of Leo, and when he made his first appearance on the field, this time in the middle of the game (he went out

to the mound to talk to his pitcher), Leo got what he has come to expect. Brother, did he get it. He was barely out of the dugout when it began, and the crowd brought their boos up from the toes. When he made a second appearance later in the game, they booed him again. It was fun, Leo was back.

Durocher was funny, sad, charming and lousy during his first week back as a baseball manager. The day before the season opened he had fun with Willie Mays in Candlestick Park:

Leo: You had one of those great springs, Willie.

Willie (modestly): Not too bad, Leo, not too bad.

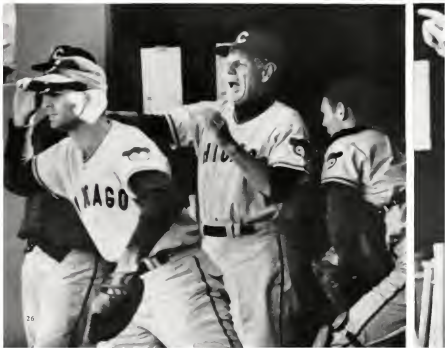
Leo: Don't give me that. You hit .383 and you had nine home runs.

Willie: Man, I don't even know that, I didn't see no figures. How do you know everything, Leo?

Leo: Willie, this is me you're talking to. Don't know what kind of figures you had—no way. You keep 'em written on the inside of your shoes.

On Opening Day Leo smiled and let photographers take countless pictures, handled the TV and radio interviews gracefully and slowly walked back into

Under the weather with a virus attack, Leo nevertheless tried to fire up his loyal Cubbies from the dugout. He sent them charging onto the field.



THE NATIVE

Leo Durocher came back to the West Coast as a manager, but it was a sad homecoming. His Cubs lost five of six games **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

the clubhouse to rest before the game began. It was an impressive performance by the new Leo.

The old Leo reemerged later in the day. Hal Lanier of the Giants hit a line drive that smacked Bill Faul, a Cub relief pitcher, in the rear end. Faul retrieved the ball and threw Lanier out, but the next batter, Len Gabrielson, got a home run. Mays was next up, and Faul's first pitch was a fast ball in the neighborhood of Mays's head. Knock-down pitches are an unpleasant but accepted part of baseball, but not, in the curious ethic of the game, when the score

is 7-1, which it was at the time. An angry Mays took three steps toward the mound before stopping, and when the next pitch also leaned Willie back there wasirate language from the Giant bench.

After the game Durocher was short-tempered and cranky. Anger fed anger, and he snarled and chided and had just finished one lecture on people putting words into his mouth when one of his listeners loaded a question the wrong way: "I guess when you were quoted earlier this spring telling Willie to stay loose at the plate, you meant it, eh, Leo?"

Durocher began his answer with, "Quoted where?" and then his voice became like a pounding drum. "Where? Tell me who. Show me where. Bring the ——— in here that says he quoted me on that. Show me him."

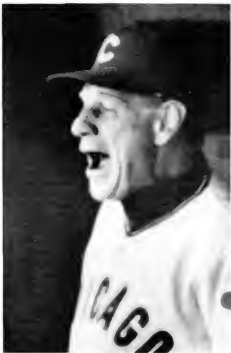
Abashed, his questioner replied, "I just said it facetiously." But there was no stopping Leo now.

"Facetious, my butt!" he roared. "You're a ——— liar."

Seldom has a team losing on Opening Day by a score of 9-1 gotten the press coverage that Leo's trade got for the Cubs in San Francisco's newspapers.

continued

but as his hitters failed and his pitchers weakened and his fielders came apart, Leo was left with only one weapon—his own brassbound voice.



And then, of course, the next day Leo was pleasant again, not happy, but pleasant, although he did not look well and had to watch his Cubs get whipped 4-0. After the game Durocher put on a beige turtle-neck shirt, a handsome orange sweater, black slacks and loafers with gold-colored buckles. He stood in front of a mirror combing what remains of his hair and said, "I'm sick. I've got a bad virus or the flu or something. I sat in the dugout tonight with everything I could find wrapped around me. I'm even afraid to take a shower here because when I go outside the cold will make me worse. I'm going to go back to the hotel and sit in the tub for a long, long time." He winked and said, "I think I'll even take on a little whiskey."

Before the third game with the Giants a new Leo was manifested. A philosophical one. He delivered a small,

gentle speech to his players. "Look, fellows," he said. "We lost two games. It's not the end of the world, not the end of your lives. Let's have some fun playing this game. Go out and swing the bats and don't tighten up. Have a little fun."

The Cubbies walked out the door and onto the field and pounded out four hits in the first inning: two of them homers by George Altman and Ron Santo. Finally Leo was in a ball game that was close and in which he could make some moves. In the seventh, with the Cubs leading 5-4, Relief Pitcher Bill Hands, who had been working well, allowed a base hit and then hit a batter.

When Hands threw a bad pitch to the next batter, Leo was pacing the dugout. As the second pitch landed in the catcher's mitt for ball two, he snapped his fingers to Coach Whitey Lockman and said, "Now!" and Lockman hopped

out of the dugout and relieved Hands, Ted Abernathy, the new reliever, threw three straight strikes and the Cubs went on to win 9-4. Leo's move had paid off. He was happy, and the team was happy. As the manager left Candlestick to prepare for the trip to Los Angeles and the Dodgers, someone said, "Have a nice weekend in L.A." Durocher said, "Oh, do I ever want to have a nice weekend in L.A. Just a little twaser out of three."

In Los Angeles, on the same night that the Lakers were playing the St. Louis Hawks in the seventh game of the National Basketball Association's Western Division championships and after a day in which the temperature had reached 99° in Los Angeles, 28,600 people showed up at Dodger Stadium. Leo had had an early dinner with Cub Coaches Lockman and Verlon Walker at his magnificent home in the Trousdale Estates section of Beverly Hills. He had watched a brush fire spread over 50 acres in Franklin Canyon two miles away and was fascinated to see airplanes helping to fight the fire. He watched one plane disappear into the smoke and held his hands over his face for fear the pilot had crashed the bad news. And he had a gag he wanted to work with Don Drysdale:

Earlier in the spring Leo had said, "They gave me a 1,300-pound Brahman bull in Long Beach called Leo the Lip, and I gave it to Drysdale because he has a ranch in Hidden Hills. He entered the bull in a rodeo, and in a rodeo when a bull throws a rider you get paid. I got a check in the mail from the rodeo. It said, 'One buck-off, \$5. I got to see if Drysdale will take \$2.50 in cash, because I want to have the check framed.'"

But, concerned about his first game against Los Angeles and in a hurry to get to Dodger Stadium early, Leo forgot about the check. He seemed completely recovered from his illness. He began autographing two dozen balls, writing his name meticulously across each ball. "We used to have a trainer named Doc Woods in the Yankees," he said. "He could write 'Babe Ruth' so that even Babe couldn't tell whether he had done it or Doc had. We used to get six balls and have Babe autograph three and Doc three and we'd mix 'em around and ask Babe which he signed and Babe couldn't tell you." He began putting on his uniform with the 2 on its back. "It's the only number I have ever had in baseball. Got it when I first joined the Yan-

In his adopted home town of Los Angeles, Durocher roughhoused with the Dodgers' Don Drysdale



Before Giant series, Leo crept up behind White Mays and scratched him playfully in the neck.



kees and I have always kept it wherever I go."

There were several packages of Wrigley's Spearmint gum on Durocher's desk. There were also two Cub caps. Inside the one he would wear that night was a blocker. "Somebody gave that to me years ago," he said. "and I always put it in my caps to make them hold their shape. You like to look good when you're in the majors."

He went up the ramp and out onto the field, the cap firm, the spikes shined. Maybe he was 60 years old—and, sure, he had been around baseball for a long, long time, from Ruth's Yankees to the Gashouse Cardinals, to Brooklyn and to New York. From Happy Chandler to coach to radio-TV. But this night was special. Los Angeles is Leo's home town now, and he loves it. But he doesn't love the Dodgers, at least not all of them. Buzze Bavasi said this winter that baseball had passed Leo by, and Leo wanted to prove something to the Dodgers.

On the field Leo appeared nervous as a huge clump of reporters hounded him. But he did not get himself involved in any explosive exchanges. Once the game began you could see Durocher going all out for it. Glenn Beckert singled and then started edging away from first base. Drysdale threw over to first and over again. It doesn't happen to the Dodgers very often in Dodger Stadium, but Durocher had Beckert stealing and the Dodgers knew it. He broke for second base and he made it, but an instant later Drysdale whirled and threw back to second and poked Beckert off.

In the second inning the Cubs scored twice on a single, a balk, a hit batter, a single and two fly balls, the second a short one to center. Leo was beating the Dodgers at their own game. He paced up and down as things went along smoothly, but in the last of the seventh the Cubs butchered back-to-back pitcher-to-second-to-first double plays. The Dodgers picked up a run there. Then, in the next inning, Wes Parker hit a double an inch far down the left-field line and was bunted to third. Relief Pitcher Abernathy walked a man and Jim Lefebvre drove a home run into the right-field seats. Durocher had a paper cup of water in his hand when the ball started its flight. He squeezed the cup till the water jumped out and then slammed it down and kicked his spikes into the floor.

Afterwards, the door to the Cubs' clubhouse stayed locked for a long time. When it was opened, the players were all sitting there absolutely still. Leo had said something. Lots of something.

But words don't help much when a team can't "execute"—ask Casey Stengel. In the second game of the Dodger series the Cubs looked fine when they scored on a Durocher-called hit-and-run play to go ahead 2-1, but later errors cost them the game 4-2. Leo clapped his hands and paced up and down in an effort to get them going again. But the big middle three of his basting order was able to hit the ball out of the infield only once in 11 tries. Beckert, his second baseman, pulled a Durocher play when he sat on Maury Wills after Maury had stolen second and was planning to zoom on to third. Unfortunately, the old mental and physical errors were still there, and

even Beckert tried his best to bat out of turn.

On Sunday, the last day of his terribly trying first week, Durocher was calm, less ebullient, less angry, more at home with his plight. Beckert had obviously caught his eye as something strong to stand on in a morass of ineptitude, and in pregame practice he spent a long time out around second base, working with the young player. During the game he sat stolidly in the dugout, alone (his friends of the Sinatra-Martin-Bishop clan were supposed to be there but apparently they elected to stay in Las Vegas). The Cubs lost 5-0, making it five defeats in the first six starts for Leo. But when, after the last out, they slowly filed from the dugout down the tunnel to the clubhouse, Durocher was in the lead, striding along firmly, the No. 2 on his back showing his troops the way. **END**

Still wearing his traditional No. 2, undefeated Durocher marches into clubhouse after Cub defeat.



CUP PLAY: A WHOLE NEW GAME

What matters in pro hockey is not the championship but the Stanley Cup. Last week, as the playoffs began, two teams made radical changes in their playing styles to meet the demands of a short, bitter series

by MARTIN KANE

Montreal's big league hockey team is noted more for its finesse than its brawn. Toronto's hockey players are among the better brawlers in the National Hockey League. A major irony of this year's Stanley Cup playoffs was that Montreal's Canadiens eliminated Toronto's Maple Leafs in four straight games by a spectacular display of muscle.

Though the rules remain the same, the hockey of the playoffs is always vastly different from that seen during the regular 70-game season. For one thing, it is different in spirit. The playoffs are the real test of a team's abilities. Though the Canadiens finished first in the regular season, they knew that no one would regard them as real champions unless they won the cup, and that is a prospect to stir a competitor's blood. For another thing, a team's style often will change radically to accommodate the shorter time in which it must win. There is no room in the playoffs for a midseason slump. Thus in the B series of the semifinals against the Chicago Black Hawks (see cover) the Detroit Red Wings suddenly transformed themselves into a forechecking team that constantly confused and broke up the Chicago attack—something they had only once been able to do during the regular season. In the 14 times they met the Hawks, the Wings had won only once, lost 11 times and tied twice. But as the playoffs got under way in Chicago and Detroit last week, the Wings took two of the first four games by spectacular scores of 7-0 and 5-1.

It happens every year. The playoffs are seldom, if ever, predictable on the

basis of regular-season showings. In the past 47 years the league champion has failed to win the cup 20 times and has even been eliminated in the first round 11 times. There is a suspicion that some managers and coaches, most notably Punch Imlach, manager-coach of Toronto, devote their efforts during the regular season less to winning than to finishing among the first four teams. This is enough to make them eligible to play for the cup—which means vastly more in prestige than the league title and quite a bit more in money. For finishing first in the league, a club gets 18 units of \$2,250. For winning in its best-of-seven semifinal round a club gets 21 units of \$1,500 each. Then the cup winner gets 21 units of \$2,000 each.

A modest affair that cost its donor, Lord Stanley of Preston, a mere 10 guineas (about \$50 in 1892), the original Stanley Cup now rests atop a large silver base on which are inscribed the names of all the winning teams and of each man who played on them. Actually played, that is. Just suiting up for the playoffs is not enough for immortality.

When hockey had its obscure 19th century beginnings in eastern Canada—several cities and McGill University claim the honor of its parentage—it was, like tennis, a game not only for amateurs but pretty much for well-to-do amateurs. Lord Stanley's five sons played the game in Canada and introduced it to England, where they staged an exhibition at Buckingham Palace. The first team to win the Stanley Cup, in 1894, was the Montreal Amateur Athletic As-

sociation. By 1910 the cup was in the possession of the National Hockey Association and thereafter remained a trophy for professionals.

Pro hockey is a rough game, and the cup has had its share of knocks. In 1905 members of the Ottawa Silver Seven, after celebrating their cup victory, were returning to their hotel when one of their number declared that he could dropkick the cup into the Rideau Canal. He did, too, and it was not fished out until next morning. Five years later the proprietor of a bowling alley who doubted as a member of the champion Montreal Wanderers filled the cup to overflowing with chewing gum and set it out for the convenience of any customer who might want to buy some. Once, when the cup was left at a photographer's studio, the photographer's mother lifted it with earth and planted geraniums in it. It has been lost, and it has been stolen. It has been denounced as "a detriment to hockey," and as a competition trophy "that does not advance the interests of the national sport." Now it is a carefully guarded treasure, on reverent display in Canada's Hockey Hall of Fame.

Despite the reverence, there is still criticism that the playoff system drags the season to an absurd length, and that this extension is a mere money-grubbing device of the owners. The charges are correct, but the fans couldn't care less. There are many who would watch hockey

continued

In Chicago, a scramble ends Detroit's Norm Ullman face down surrounded by Hawks.



in July if they could. There is tension in a Stanley Cup game that no regular season contest can engender.

Cup fever was at its highest the other night in Toronto, when the Canadiens polished off the Maple Leafs in their fourth game. The Canadiens' coach, Toe Blake (SI, Nov. 22) had surprised a lot of fans when, a few years ago, he brought up a couple of fellows named John Ferguson and Ted Harris from the Cleveland Barons. They were neither the worst nor the best in the minor leagues. Just undistinguished. So much so that people went about asking each other who they were. It soon became obvious that who they were was not nearly so important as what they were—a couple of young musclemen recruited to add brawn to the Montreal team. For the first time in years, the Leafs found themselves unable to push the Canadiens around. It may, indeed, have been Ferguson who contributed the most to the Canadiens' third-game victory in the playoffs last week. His team was behind 2-0 in the second period when this burly ice policeman suddenly charged the Leafs' Eddie Shack, long known as Toronto's principal villain. Shack went down. Ferguson was penalized two minutes, but the punishment could have been the best thing that happened to Montreal all season. Shortly after Ferguson completed his sentence, the inspired Canadiens scored three goals in three minutes and 10 seconds and dominated play the rest of the way.

"That check he made on Shack in the second period," observed Coach Blake, "deflated the Leafs and inflated us."

"My job," said Ferguson, who understands it well, "is to put some muscle on the left side, or for that matter, I guess,

continued

In Toronto, Canadian goalie Gump Worsley and J. D. Telford block Leaf score.







every side." He takes the task so seriously that during the off season he refuses to fraternize with other hockey players. "It turns out," he explains, "that your friends become your worst enemies on the ice, so I don't talk to anybody."

The Canadiens had, in fact, come out hitting from Game 1 of the series and now, in what was to be the last game, it was obvious that Toronto tempers were frayed. Toe Blake actually cautioned his Canadiens to avoid fights.

"We're good enough to win without fighting," he told them beforehand. And afterward he said: "Well, that shows you how much they listen to me."

The fights that went on between these statements made that game a subject for avid study by the league's statisticians. The war began in the first period when Ferguson elbowed Pete Stelmowski of the Leafs. Stelmowski responded with a fist but lost the decision to Ferguson. Shack came over to deliver a protesting swing and found himself jostled out of position by Claude Larose. The Canadiens' Dave Balon rushed to Larose's assistance, holding Shack while Larose threw rights and lefts at Shack's nose, which may be the biggest in professional sport. (At one time he was known as Poncecho.) Then there were Ted Harris, the Canadiens' second-best policeman, and Orland Kurtenbach, the Leafs' utility player who is—now was—considered the best puncher in the league. They sparred for a minute. Kurtenbach threw a left-right combination that did little harm. Harris then caught Kurtenbach with a right, followed it with a left, and Kurtenbach sagged to the ice, where Harris pounced on him. They wrestled there for several minutes.

Out of it all, Ferguson had the honor of being required to sit out a full 20 minutes of the game. The brawl lasted 17 minutes and it took Referee Art Skov another 15 minutes to work out what the penalties were. In total, he assessed 124 minutes in the box. There were two minor penalties, a dozen five-minute major penalties and six misconduct penalties. With records falling all over the lot, the statisticians were delighted.

But many fans to the contrary notwithstanding, in hockey the game's the thing, and Montreal went on to win with Gilles Tremblay proving the most

effective attacker. Toronto had gone into the lead in the first period on a goal by Larry Hffman. In the second, Tremblay scored twice on power plays. It was an anticlimax when Jim Roberts and Dick Duff added two more Montreal scores in the third period.

Meanwhile, south of the border, a less one-sided series was being played out in Chicago and Detroit. Chicago had come through the season in second place, possibly as a result of the emphasis put on making sure that Bobby Hull got his chance at beating Maurice (The Rocket) Richard's record of 50 goals in a season.

Bobby beat it all right. He shot his 51st goal on March 12 (St. March 21) and wound up the regular season three weeks later with three more goals and enough assists to give him an additional record for scoring points, but his team was in second place and he himself had a lame left knee that was further injured early in the playoffs. This physical handicap was made worse by the clinging tactics of Detroit's tigerlike Bryan Watson, whose sole assignment was to keep Hull too busy to put his famous slap and wrist shots—the fastest in hockey—to effective use.

Sid Abel, coach of the Red Wings, had declared quite brazenly before the playoffs that his sole hope of beating a Chicago team that had overwhelmed him throughout the regular season was to "hit" the Hawks. The Wings did hit the Hawks and hit them hard in the very first game. They lost 2-1, but the new strategy made them look respectable against Chicago for the first time since regular-season play began, and Abel determined that he would continue it.

"I wouldn't say it was a rough game," he said after that first defeat, "but rather that it was just playoff hockey, what you expect to see in the playoffs. We're going to keep right on hitting."

Hull is pretty much accustomed to being followed about the rink. All season long he had been shadowed by experts like Claude Provost of Montreal and Ed Westfall of Boston. He had shrugged them off and made his record nonetheless. But Watson quite clearly got on the big blond's nerves and toward the end Hull permitted himself a mild complaint.

"It irritates me," he said.

More irritating to Coach Billy Reay was the fact that his squad was far from up to par. Bobby's linemate, Chico

Maki, had an injured right leg. Sharp-shooting Doug Mohs turned from nursing a sore right shoulder to limping on a twisted left knee, and big Defense-man Elmer Vasko sustained an eight-inch gash in his thigh. It took 20 stitches to close the gash and the injury took Vasko out of contention. Hull minimized his knee injury, but it was obvious that he was skating badly. When he left the ice to sit on the bench, one could see him favoring the knee to bring his left foot up onto the step.

All this, and Watson too, took the zing out of a Chicago attack that had seemed only a few weeks before all but certain to carry the Hawks to a championship.

Even more discouraging—from a Chicago point of view—was the forechecking of the Red Wings. Time after time Norm Ullman, the high-scoring Detroit center, pestered the Hawks deep behind their own blue line to disrupt their offense, as Montreal's Jean Beliveau did against Toronto. He would station himself near Chicago Goaltender Glenn Hall and go after the puck carrier. With two other wingmen stationed at the blue line, the carrier had absolutely no avenue out of his zone.

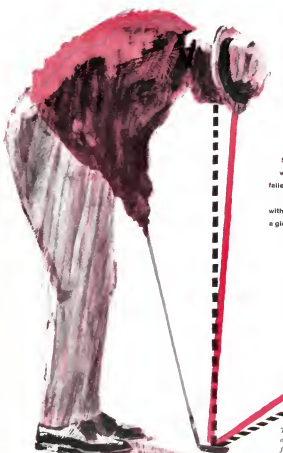
Forechecking works best when your team is ahead, and that is when Detroit used it most effectively. In that 7-0 game Detroit scored three goals in the first period, and thereafter Chicago could do nothing.

So there were the two great reversals in form during the Stanley Cup playoffs—the Canadian substitution of hard and even vicious checking for subtle skills, and the Red Wing adoption of a style that they had used only infrequently. The Wings were helped, to be sure, by injuries to the Hawks, and the Habs by a flu epidemic that struck the Maple Leafs. But, in essence, it was what some call "Stanley Cup play" that gave uninterrupted victory to the Canadians in the semifinals, gained unexpected wins for the Red Wings, hitherto so ineffective against Chicago, and provided the fans with the best hockey—some of it nationally televised—they had seen all season.

After watching even one of the games that were played last week in Chicago, in Detroit, in Toronto or in Montreal, it would be pretty hard to convince a real hockey fan that there is no point to the playoffs.

END

In Detroit, Red Wing Gary Bergeson (32) meets stubborn opposition from Hawks.



AN AWFUL

In an exclusive account of his victory, the first man ever to win the Masters two years in a row tells Gwilym S. Brown why the scores were so high, what happened when his concentration failed him in the first nine holes of the playoff, why he briefly considered withdrawing from the tournament and how a glance at a TV screen paid off handsomely

This drawing is based on the video tape Nicklaus saw of his missed putt on 17. He noticed his head was too far forward, causing him to line up to left (solid line) instead of toward right corner of cup (dotted line).

FRANCO GELDI

by JACK NICKLAUS

PUTT SHOWED ME HOW TO WIN

If I had to pick one phrase that would best characterize the 1966 Masters, I think I would call it the Masters of Mistakes. There were plenty of actual mistakes; the high scores show that. And there were things that seemed to the gallery and golf fans to be mistakes but really were not. It was a good Masters, and nobody could want a more exciting one—I wouldn't, anyway—but I think the most interesting things about it centered around what went wrong, or at least seemed to.

All of the players on the tour would agree, I am certain, that one big championship is worth half a dozen lesser titles. Consciously or unconsciously we all train for these major events. But the methods we use are different. Some pros think they must play themselves into peak condition by competing in tournaments every week. Others retire from the tour and spend days on the practice tee working on the specific shots they feel will be needed to win. I am aware that many people thought I was making a serious error when I took a long vacation from the winter tour. They felt my preparation for this year's Masters was haphazard. Nothing could be further from the truth. The fact is that I badly wanted to be the first man ever to win the Masters two years in a row, and I was getting ready the best way I knew how. Since January I had been preparing myself and my game with nothing but the Masters in mind.

By late December the one thing my golf most needed was a rest. I had played in so many tournaments I was having trouble getting myself up week after week. Except for the Crosby, I decided not to enter any tournaments until I could regain my enthusiasm for the game. In February I visited Gary Player in

South Africa, a trip that filled my needs perfectly. I was able to play a few rounds of golf, but not under tournament pressure, went fishing, hunting and generally enjoyed Gary's warm hospitality. I returned to the United States in time to play in three events leading up to the Masters—at Miami, Orlando and Jacksonville. I felt these were sufficient for me to regain a competitive edge, something I could not have done just working on a practice tee. A golfer should practice, of course, but too much practice and too few tournaments often make for a sloppy game. When you are playing a lot of golf where winning is not the main concern, your game can deteriorate pretty quickly. You hook a drive out of sight into the woods and then simply tee up another ball, saying to yourself: "Hm. Maybe a little too much right hand in that one. Lemme try again." Playing under pressure, where every shot counts, is the best way to firm up the swing you have been grooving on the practice tee.

As far as competition went, Jacksonville ended my preparations for the Masters. I decided to spend a day with Jack Grout, my old teacher from Columbus who is now at La Gorce in Miami, and then go north for some practice rounds on the Augusta National course the week before the tournament.

Grout picked out a flaw in my stance that my old friend Deane Beman had noticed exactly a year earlier. At address my alignments were bad. My feet were squared along the line to the target, but my hips and shoulders were aiming to the right of it. Such a mistake makes it difficult to come through the ball properly and causes a lot of erratic shots. I corrected this.

When I got up to Augusta, Deane was

there again, and for the second straight year he saw something in my swing that bothered him, rightfully. We were playing the 8th hole. I hooked my drive into the trees and Deane said, "You are taking the club back slowly but you are speeding up too much as you start your downswing."

A valuable tip. My tempo had been bad, and now I knew why. The speed of the backswing should always be the same as that of the downswing. I was lunging into the shot so fast that my shoulders were starting on the downswing before I completed the backswing. As a result, I was not only consistently pulling my shots off to the left, but hooking them as well. I slowed my downswing and suddenly began to hit the ball about as well as I had at the Masters a year ago.

On the Saturday night before the Masters I went home to Columbus to relax with my family. Then on Monday I returned to Augusta with my wife Barbara, my father and a couple of friends. We moved into the house we had rented about a mile from the course and I got in a practice round on Tuesday and nine more holes on Wednesday. I felt good about the way my game had worked into shape and I was eager for the action to begin.

However, I very nearly did not play at all. The night before the tournament started we heard the terrible news that four friends of ours from Columbus, Bob and Linda Barton and Jim and Jeretta Long, had been killed in the crash of a chartered plane that was bringing them down to watch the Masters. This was such a tragedy for everyone who knew them that playing in a golf tournament somehow seemed like a ridiculously unimportant thing to be doing.

continued



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Barb and I knew the Longs only casually, but Bob and Linda had been close friends of ours for years. I had played golf with Bob since I first took up the game at Scioto Country Club. News of the crash shocked us severely. To tell you the truth, I just did not want to go out and play in the Masters the next day, and I considered withdrawing, but Barb and our friends told me I should play.

I guess all of us in this year's Masters had a pretty good idea before we teed off Thursday that scores were going to be high because of the condition of the course. Augusta had experienced an unusually cold, dry winter and the Bermuda and rye grass that normally make the course so lush had not come in well despite the best efforts of Augusta National's greenkeeping staff. The fairways were hard and so were the greens. Because of this the tournament committee decided it would be best not to mow the greens and the fairways too closely, for less the dry wind that was blowing across the course each day might kill what grass was left. As a result, we seldom had a good lie in the fairway. Not only was the ball not sitting up on good turf, it frequently was in a grassy lie that tended to take off any backspin we tried to put on our approach shots. I know the gallery thought it saw a lot of bad golf shots, but often they were the best that could be hit under the circumstances. Many players felt the pin placements were as demanding as they had ever been. Possibly this was a factor too, but I think the condition of the course was really what made the scores so high.

In addition to the difficult conditions, I was having problems with my own game that made scoring tough. After the first round my putting stroke completely deserted me, and I had serious problems with my concentration that stayed with me until the last nine holes of the playoff.

The putting problem I solved—in the world's luckiest way. On Sunday afternoon more millions of people than I care to think about watched me blow a three-fooner on the 17th hole that could have won the tournament and retrieved all of my earlier mistakes. I had aimed the putt just inside the right-hand corner of the hole, but when I hit it the ball broke so far to the left, even though I stroked it firmly, that it never came close. To be frank, I looked like a duffer choking up with a 51 Nassau at stake. But I knew

continued



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nerves had nothing to do with it. For some reason I had hit the putt miserably.

A little while later I was watching as CBS did a video-tape replay of the putt on television and I spotted what was wrong. On Thursday I had putted well. On Friday I needed 38 putts, and I missed seven of them from five feet or less. On Saturday and Sunday my putting was almost as bad as Friday's. What I saw in the TV picture was that I was lined up incorrectly. My head was bent too far forward, so I was actually looking back at the ball and the blade of the putter (page 36). I thought I was squaring the blade to the line along which I wanted to stroke the ball, but this was only an illusion. In reality I was lined up too far to the left, I went to the putting green Sunday night and practiced with my head in the correct position. During Monday's playoff I did not hit a single bad putt.

There was no easy remedy, however, for my mental lapses. A mental lapse should not be confused with a poor shot caused by a bad swing, of which I made a few, too. They are more annoying than bad shots and can cause as much trouble. I think three shots I hit during the playoff with Tommy Jacobs and Gay Brewer were typical of what I had been doing all week and offer an interesting insight into what happens when a pro golfer stops concentrating.

The 3rd hole at Augusta is a short par-4 (355 yards), but the green is small and there is a deep hollow just in front of it. You must hit the approach shot firmly so that it will land well into the green, or else it might draw back and roll down into the hollow. I had only a pitching wedge to the green, but I simply forgot to hit it far enough. The ball struck the upslope at the front of the green, then came back down the hill. I had to chip up and sink a nine-foot putt for my par.

Now this should have warned me, but it didn't. I made the identical mistake on the next hole. The 4th is a 220-yard par-3 that has a big, deep trap across much of the front of the green. The first thing to remember on the hole is to be over the trap, for shots into it often bury themselves in the sand. I hit a perfectly good six-iron, but again I had forgotten to allow the needed safety margin. The ball hit into the sand so hard that it practically disappeared. I was fortunate to get it out and onto the green. I bogeyed the hole and fell a shot behind Jacobs.

My last mental lapse of the Masters

—continued—

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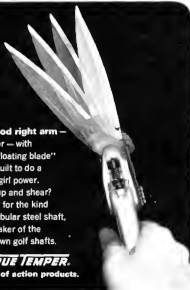


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AN AWFUL PUTT

came at the 9th hole. I had hit my best drive of the day on this 420-yard par-4. I was 100 yards short of the flagstick and I seemed sure of taking at least a stroke lead over Jacobs because he had driven into the trees between the first and 9th fairways. But the 9th green slopes sharply from back to front, and I did it again. I hit an excellent sand wedge, but not far enough into the green. The ball hit on the putting surface skipped forward and then the backspin took effect, pulling the ball off the green. I was left with a chip shot, and instead of a chance at a birdie I made a bogey.

Right there I got a grip on myself, and about time. I hit some bad shots after that, but no dumb ones. My determination to win finally helped get me in front. On the 10th I missed the green with my approach, but almost rolled my chip shot into the hole and made the par that put me ahead. I birdied the 11th to go two shots ahead of Jacobs (Bauer was now five strokes behind) and held this lead through the 12th and 13th when Tommy missed putts of six and eight feet.

On the par-5 15th Jacobs cleared the pond in front of the green with a wonderful wood shot that finished only about 30 feet to the right of the hole. He was playing excellently and certainly was not about to give up. When my two-iron bounced over the green I was confronted with the possibility of Tommy wiping out my two-shot lead on one hole. What

continued



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happened instead is that we both made birdies. My chip was too strong, but I sank the putt from 12 feet or so.

On 18 Tommy got another chance. His second shot was just off the green about 30 feet from the cup. In trying to steer my seven-iron approach away from the trap at the right of the green I pulled it too much, and the ball bounced down an embankment on the left side of the green. I knew the first thing I had to prevent was any possibility of a double-bogey 6. I had to get the ball somewhere on the green so that if Tommy sank his putt for a birdie I would at least have a chance at the winning par. There was not enough grass under my ball to risk flicking it on the green with a pitching wedge. I was afraid to try to punch it up the embankment with a five-iron or six-iron because the ground around the green was riddled with pockets of dirt that might throw the ball up into the air and right back to where I stood. The only club that was sure to do the job was a putter. I hit the ball hard enough and well up to the left so that it would not break down to the right on the sloping green and possibly go off the putting surface entirely. The shot worked, and the ball stopped five feet from the hole. Fortunately for me at least, Jacobs missed his putt. I made mine, and Tournament Chairman Cliff Roberts did not have to decide if it was too dark to start us right off on a sudden-death playoff. It was, all told, a strange Masters, and one that I was fortunate to win.

I guess it is only natural for any golfer who wins the Masters to start thinking about the Grand Slam—in other words, adding the U.S. Open, the British Open and the PGA to his Masters title. As has been said many times before, he is the only one who has a chance that year. A Grand Slam is a most unlikely accomplishment, however. I will certainly try to win it, but I doubt anyone ever will. It does happen that I know and like all of the courses on which the next three championships will be held, the Olympic Country Club in San Francisco (the U.S. Open), Muirfield in Scotland (the British Open) and Firestone Country Club in Akron (the PGA).

I intend to prepare for these three events just the way I prepared for this year's Masters—limiting my tournament play and practicing early on the courses involved. I can only hope that things will work out as well.

END



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A loudmouthed windbag one moment, quietly and sincerely dedicated the next, Cassius Clay appears to be so many different people that even he seems confused as to his real identity. But there is consistency in the champion's behavior. By doing the opposite of what is expected, he confounds the hostile world surrounding him

by JACK OLSEN

HYSTERIA IS A SOMETIME THING

The weigh-in ceremonies for the first Clay-Liston heavyweight championship fight were a mess from the beginning. Clay, then a 22-year-old with the emotional maturity of a Baby LeRoy, had a long record of disturbing the peace at such events. For weeks before the weigh-in he had conducted a loud, tasteless "psychological campaign" against Lison, whom he called the Big Bear, and as the fight approached his tone had grown more and more hysterical, aggravated by predictions that Cassius would be lucky to get off with his life. Anyone with half a brain knew that he would stage some sort of extravagant production at the weigh-in. This, of course, did not include the Miami Beach Boxing Commission, which arranged a setting that was an absolute guarantee of disaster.

As William Faversham observed later: "All they should have done was weigh the fighters in and get them out of there. But they made a great event out of it. They had the scales up on a platform and a chair for each fighter, and the doctor was going to make his medical examination right up there on the platform. This was ridiculous, because it just kept the two of them together longer."

Said Gordon Davidson: "It was so badly handled by the commission. They must have had 500 people crowded into this one room, like a Roman carnival,

women and men and sightseers and hangers-on, King Levinsky selling ties—the whole bit. A bad setup."

Both Faversham and Davidson, in their roles as boxing figures, are reminiscent of the cartoon showing the Maritan asking a juke box, "What's a pretty girl like you doing in a joint like this?" Faversham, who was then functioning as Clay's "manager" in behalf of the Louisville Sponsoring Group, is a distinguished-looking man of 60, a Harvard alumnus, the son of a legitimate actor and a onetime actor himself. He is now a vice-president of Brown-Forman Distillers (Old Forester, Early Times, among others). Davidson, attorney for the Clay sponsors, is a Yale Law School graduate who worked as Supreme Court Justice Stanley Reed's law clerk and is now a tax lawyer and a respected member of Wilson Wyatt's law firm, Wyatt, Grafton & Sloss. As time goes by, Faversham and Davidson find themselves looking back with more and more wonderment on those years when they were escorting the brash young Cassius Clay from fight to fight around the country.

"What we were doing at the Miami Beach weigh-in was mostly worrying," says the big, jovial Faversham in his gravelly voice. "It has its elements of humor now, but I can tell you at the time it was no laughing matter."

Indeed, the arrival at the weigh-in of

Clay and his court jester pro tem, Drew (Bundini) Brown, was the beginning of a 12-hour time of trial for the two Louisville men. "Clay walked in wearing his blue denim bear-hunting outfit," Davidson recalls, "and he was hollering, 'I'm ready to rumble!' The two of them, Clay and Bundini, kept walking around the weigh-in room till somebody shoed them to the dressing room. Faversham called me to the platform and he said, 'Gordon, go back to the dressing room and tell Clay that if he causes a scene they're gonna fine him, and it's gonna be his money, not ours. Tell him to behave himself.'"

"So I go to the dressing room and there's Bundini, Rudy Clay, two or three other yucks and Angelo Dundee. Clay's lying down on a rubdown table, perfectly relaxed. I said, 'I got a message for you from the corner.' I said, 'If you go in and cut up they're gonna fine you, and it's gonna be your dough and they're gonna hit you pretty good.'"

"He says, 'Don't worry about it. I'll take care of it.' So then Bundini starts, 'Well, they can't fine him! They can't fine the greatest!' I said, 'Yes, they can, and he can pay!'"

Out on the weigh-in stage, Faversham fretted. "I was wringing wet waiting for them to come out," he says. "And then we found out that both fighters were dressed, but each was refusing to leave his dressing room until the other did. So I went back to Clay's room and I said, 'Look, Cassius, you're not the

continued

"The kid is out of his mind," some said of the ranting Clay before first Liston bout. But was he?

champi yet. When you're the champ you can come out last."

"He said, 'I won't go in there unless he follows me right away. If he keeps me waiting I'm not gonna put up with it.'"

"I said, 'Cassius, you have my word that as soon as you get on the platform Liston'll come in.' I tell you, it was worse than handling Caruso!"

Lawyer Davidson, trying to look dignified, preceded Clay and Bundini out of the dressing room, "and as soon as they saw the crowd they started," Davidson says. "Clay and Bundini were shouting at each other, 'Float like a butterfly! Sting like a bee! Ready to rumble! Let's take on the bum! He ain't no champ, he's a cheese champ!' Then when Liston came in with his great stone face, Cassius started, 'You! I'll take you on right now! I can beat you anytime, you champ? You think you're something and I'm nothing?' And the yelling reached a higher and higher pitch. I was standing in the back and Teddy Brenner, the Madison Square Garden matchmaker, said, 'My God, he's scared to death.' Brenner said he hadn't seen anybody so scared since one of Joe Louis' opponents could hardly answer the bell for the first round. He said, 'This kid is out of his mind! He may not show up for the fight!' Then Cassius said, 'Hold me back, boys!' and tried to get at Liston. Faversham thought it was the real thing, and he was trying to hold Clay, screaming at Clay. Bill's secretary was there, and we both thought he was gone; he had a bad heart."

"I was holding Clay around the waist," Faversham recalls. "and Sugar Ray Robinson was holding his right arm, and Bundini was against his back and whispering in his ear, 'Float like a butterfly. Sting like a bee.' I said, 'For Christ's sake, Drew, shut up, will you!'"

Dr. Alexander Robbins, the commission physician, says, "Clay was acting like a maniac. I tried to tell him he was going too far, sweating and getting overheated, pulse rate going up, burning a lot of energy. I don't give a damn how strong a fellow is, there's a limit to how much activity he should undergo before a fight. He was acting like a nut. Getting attention."

In the cool light of retrospect, it is difficult to visualize how much Clay had upset the usually imperturbable fight crowd with his stomping and screaming in the overcrowded room. An experi-

enced wire service reporter wrote at the time:

He repeated over and over: "I am the king. I am the greatest. I can whip any man in the world. I float like a butterfly, sting like a bee. Rumble, man, rumble." It was a scary incident. Clay's eyes looked wild and almost dozy. Veins stuck out on his neck. He ranted hysterically. Experienced sportswriters, witnesses to the unsettling scene, were awestruck. They got into little clusters and whispered their alarm. This man isn't right, they said. He shouldn't be allowed in the ring. The commission doctor reported ominously, "This boy is scared to death. He is emotionally unstable. He is burning energy at an alarming rate."

"So the commission announces a \$2,500 fine, and Cassius finally rants and raves his way out the door," Davidson says. "I followed him to his dressing room, and he was sitting there and he says, 'How about that?' And I said, 'Well, it cost you a \$2,500 fine, that's how about it.' He said, 'Oh, don't worry about that.'" (Ultimately the commission settled for \$1,000, with Clay's sponsors paying the fine.)

Soon the captains and the kings departed. Clay and his entourage to spend the last hours before the fight in his little bungalow in northwest Miami, Faversham and Davidson to gobble a hurried lunch at their hotel. Says Faversham: "We were just starting to eat when a couple of British reporters came running up and said, 'We hear the fight's off. The commission doctor says his pulse and blood pressure are way up.' I had been afraid of something like this. So I went over to the Miami Beach Auditorium as fast as I could, and I found Angelo Dundee and Clay's doctor, Firdie Pacheco, and I asked them to find Cassius and check his pulse and temperature. Forty minutes later the doctor called me, and he said Cassius was lying on the floor at his house with about seven kids, all of them watching TV, and he couldn't be calmer. Blood pressure and pulse were normal. I said, 'Stay there for the rest of the afternoon and double-check him every hour.' What I was afraid of was that the promoters were trying to get out of the fight because the house was scaled so high and the sales were bad."

The physician who made the journey

to Clay's house that afternoon is seldom quoted in the literature on Clay, despite the fact he has studied the loud young fighter the way some researchers have worked on paramedics. Boxing is the consuming hobby of Dr. Firdie Pacheco, so much so that he administers to the medical needs of about a dozen boxers, including Clay, for nothing. A holding bilingualist with a fine Spanish patrician face and a successful practice largely among Miami's Cubans and Negroes, Pacheco has been in the corners of Luis Rodriguez and Florentino Fernandez and Douglas Vaillant, not to mention Clay. He is a great conversationalist, and enjoys talking with all human beings, but especially with boxers. Still, his relationship with Cassius troubles him. "I don't have any idea why he comes to me in the first place," Pacheco says, "because I have no rapport with him like I have with anybody else. There are two or three colored doctors in the same neighborhood I'm in, and they'd be highly honored to have him as a patient. It must be that the price is right with me. I never charge fighters, I'm paying the muses. I like boxing."

Pacheco had no idea what to expect when he hurried to Clay's house in response to Faversham's request. "The commission doctor had said if his heart rate and blood pressure were still running away at fight time the fight would be called off," Pacheco says. "So when I got to his house there he was watching TV, cooler than anything. It was impossible to believe. That little house was jammed with people, and after a while he says, 'I think I'll take a nap,' and he goes in his bedroom and sleeps all afternoon with a house full of people!"

In the two years since Clay pulled his magic quick-change mood-reversal, capping the performance by defeating Liston that night, dozens of theories have been advanced by students of behavior such as psychologists and bartenders. There were reporters on the scene who will go to their graves convinced that Clay was in a state of temporary lunacy, self-induced or otherwise. Some, like Commission Doctor Robbins, have swung around to the idea that the whole commotion was an act. But others retort: How can an actor make his heart rate double and his blood pressure jump so high that experts fear for his welfare? Some stick doggedly to the position that Cassius was plain scared at the weigh-in

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and was trying to holster his courage. Cassius himself says that he was just trying to bug Liston and knew what he was doing at every second.

In Dr. Pacheco's opinion almost all of the theories have elements of truth to them. According to him, "everybody was trying to gauge Clay's emotions by a set of scientific criteria—blood pressure, pulse, respiration—that had nothing to do with it. He wanted to go there and raise hell and act like a crazy wild man. Now that's gonna alter your emotions no matter if you're Sigmund Freud or who you are. If I start hollering at you and pushing you all over the place and jumping up and down, my blood pressure's gonna go up whether I'm faking my anger or not, especially if I'm doing all this in front of five or six hundred milling, pushing people and especially if I'm running the risk of getting smacked in return. You create the aura of hysteria and you're hoping that it gets you out of control. That's Cassius. He finally got himself into the fight-or-flight aspect of the nervous system, when you're either gonna fight or you're gonna run. The adrenalin flows and constricts all the blood into the muscles where you need it for action, and the blood pressure goes up because all the arteries are clamping down and the blood is forced through smaller canals and the heart is beating faster to pump the blood: a state of alteration of body physiology.

"Now, the more Clay did this, the more he looked like a scared kid, like somebody walking the plank. He finally got himself into such an untenable position that it was a case of either beat Liston or really go down to oblivion. It was the act of an impulsive person who deliberately puts himself into a horrible position. In the same situation a commonsense person would sit back and say, 'Well, I don't want to go out and say I'll beat this guy real bad because he may beat me. I'll say he's a great fighter in case he beats me, and if the best happens and I win, I'll be a good winner and say the other guy was a hell of a fighter.'

"Cassius did everything the opposite of that. Of course, he might have done himself some accidental good. Liston has this monolithic brain. He didn't know what to make of Clay. Liston is afraid of no man, but he may be the type of person who is superstitious or scared of insanity. You can predict what any sane man is gonna do in a competition,

but not an insane man. And Cassius may have made Liston begin to wonder."

Later on the day of the fight, Cassius even made Dr. Pacheco wonder. "As fight time got closer and closer, Cassius still appeared very calm, but what did seep out as an indication of anxiety and nervousness was a very inexplicable distrust, a deep-seated distrust of everybody around him, except his brother Rudy. And all of a sudden Clay began to suspect Angelo, and I became suspect, and he didn't quite trust the Cuban Masseur Luis Sarnia, who is about the closest thing to a gentleman I know. It started as we were talking on the lawn, waiting to get into cars to go to the auditorium for the fight. Cassius told me vaguely, 'I don't trust you. You want Liston to win and you bet with gangsters,' or something like that.

"I was looking for him to be kidding, but he was deadly serious. I said, 'Cassius, I'm here as a doctor. I'm not interested in betting.'

"Inside the dressing room at the auditorium no one was there but Cassius, his brother Rudy, Angelo, Sarnia and me and maybe Jimmy Dundee. Angelo's brother Cassius started looking at his water bottle. You know, the bottle that's filled with water and then taped up to the top and taped over the cork." He said to Rudy, "You keep an eye on that bottle and don't let anybody touch that bottle." A little later Cassius takes his eyes off the bottle and he comes back and he says, "Anybody touch that bottle?"

"I said, 'Who the hell's gonna touch it?' He refilled it. He must have checked the water bottle at least three or four times that night. He was insistent that somebody was gonna drug him. I told him if I wanted to drug him, I'd have done it long ago."

This was not the first time Clay had shown distrust of medical men. He had always seen doctors as frightening figures, and he had made no exception of Pacheco from the beginning of their relationship six years ago. "He would go to any length to avoid being treated," Pacheco says. "Once he developed an abscess, an infection, on his leg. It could have been a hazardous thing because an abscess can go into the blood stream and cause all kinds of trouble, even in young people. So here he has a great big throbbing abscess for days and days, and he's

continued



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still out doing roadwork, still sweating into it and not being treated. I finally had to lance it and put a drain in it.

"And whenever I've had to give him a needle I've had to chase him around the room. He'd just keep moving like somebody doing the rumba. And he'd talk: 'What are you gonna do? Show me what you're gonna do. Show me that needle. Don't touch that! Wait a minute! Let me look. Wait, wait, wait a minute. . . .' That would go on ad infinitum till I'd tell him to shut up and turn and look at the wall, and then I'd go back."

After several years of studying Clay at firsthand, Pacheco has become convinced that the fighter is suffering from simple anxiety. "Fright's got strong a word to use about Cassius," the doctor explains. "Anxiety is what he has: an unconscious fear of nothing. The difference is, if a man's chasing you down the street with a hatchet, you have fear. If you're running down the street and you imagine a guy's chasing you with a hatchet, you have anxiety."

"Cassius isn't afraid of being hurt by the other fighter. He just has an anxiety about everything around him. His position in life depends on his winning. His looks depend on his not getting beaten. He purposely walks the plank to the very end while somebody's sawing it off, and he's got to beat up the guy before he finishes sawing. He gets himself into positions where he has to overcome, and fortunately he has the ability to do it."

Something vaguely similar to Pacheco's plank-walking or brinkmanship analogy seems to recur in Clay's dreams. "I'll be on the highway," Cassius recounts, "and I'm running head-on at a diesel truck doing 70, 80 miles an hour, and people's stopping and looking, and just before the truck hits me I jump up and fly on over it, spring off my feet and land behind it." And again:

"I'd tell everybody, 'I'm gonna fly up in the clouds,' run down the street and tell everybody. Then I'd run up a great big old tall building, I'd be out on Times Square, on top of the Empire State Building or sumpin', and everybody'd be looking at me, thinking I'm gonna kill myself. Thousands of people around looking up, firemen and policemen coming, trying to talk to me through this big old loudspeaker 'DON'T JUMP! What are you trying to do? Come down! What's wrong?' And I'd say, 'I'm getting

ready.' I'd get everybody on edge, and then I'd jump off the building and just stop in the air, just flap my wings like those little birds you see on *Dunston*, just stop in midair, and everybody'd be fainting and saying, 'Ooooh!' Then I'd fly back to the building. Then I'd run real fast and jump way off and just fly and float on down and land on my feet. Then I wake up."

"That dream is important to him," says a friend of the champion. "He's told me about it half a dozen times, and the way I got it figured is maybe that dream tells him he can keep on going—'keep on pushing yourself and pushing yourself, you'll come down on your feet. You can do anything.' But deep down inside I think he's plain scared of a lot of things."

By his own admission Cassius Clay is beset by fears, some more real than others. But he is not willing to accept the hypothesis advanced by his former boxing coach, Joe Martin, and others that his raving and railing before fights is simply a way to get up his courage, to charge his emotional batteries. "Fakehood!" says Cassius. "Fakehood! It's just my way of looking at a fellow, to worry him. And it gets the people interested in the fight, too. Builds gates."

Joseph Elshy Martin, Badge 474 of the Louisville police department and holder of three or four other occupations in his spare time, including auctioneer and city supervisor of boxing, goes back the farthest of anyone involved in Clay's career, having steered the fighter from bird-legged novice at 12 to "clean and shining" Olympic gold medal winner at 18. "He's been popping off before lights from the very beginning," Martin says, "and it's not a thing in the world but whistling past the graveyard. He'll build himself up till he gets in a regular frenzy. He's just overcoming that cowardice that's in him—and I'm not saying that to knock the boy, either, because I had a very enjoyable time with Cassius, and I have no animosity toward him whatever. We're all afraid of one thing or another, and it takes a brave man to fight to overcome his fear. Cassius' way is to make a lot of noise and commotion. He was always a loudmouth, liked to talk, but, of course, I kept him curbed. When I thought he was talking too much, I made him shut up. I have complete discipline over all fighters that I handle. Course, sometimes I'd let him pop off

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CASSIUS CLAY

to another battle. I thought I'd (be some good). He dumped a lot of his anger. He'd tell each opponent what he was gonna do to him, and it bothered plenty of 'em.

"But sometimes he went too far and annoyed everybody. When we were at the Olympic trials in San Francisco, he popped off a lot the night before the finals. He was popping off so much that the people booed him. I sat him down in the hotel before the finals and I said, 'Tonight you're gonna sit down and you're gonna keep your mouth shut because if you don't I will take you out of the Olympics and you won't even fight in the finals' and I wasn't kidding. He knew I meant it, and he went there and sat down and he was very nice."

Once Clay was training in Chicago for an intercity Golden Gloves match, and the coach threatened to send him back to Louisville if he did not pipe down. "I wasn't with him because the intercity team was being coached by another man," Martin recalls. "So they phoned me in Louisville and had me straighten him out over the phone. He was a light heavy at that time, and the mistake he was making was popping off to the heavies."

No one appears more upset than Cassius when an opponent has the poor grace to become angered by this pre-fight display of bravado. He acts as if the opponent is violating the rules of the fighters' union. "They're supposed to take it and roll with it and realize that it's more than half baloney, as Patterson and Liston did," says Gordon Davidson, who was an uncomfortable spectator at many of Clay's Academy Award performances. "He'll make some very pointed remarks, do some very insulting things, too. Like when Liston was talking at one of the signings? Cassius pretended to fall asleep, and he snored loudly. But Liston understood this and made some nasty remarks back, and that didn't make Cassius mad."

At the Charley Powell weigh-in in Pittsburgh, Clay's barbed tongue seems to have brought him close to a show-down, bare-knuckled fight. According to several reports, Clay flailed away at Powell with insults, and Powell took them seriously and threatened to fight Clay on the spot. When Clay saw that he had enraged Powell, the atmosphere changed.

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Clay hacked off, lost his composure, began to whimper and put on his sweater inside out.

Angelo Dundee tells a slightly different version of the story. "Cassius started telling Powell, 'You're an old man. You're nothing. I can lick you.'"

"I was afraid because Powell's brother Art, the football player, was there, and he began to get hot, and he said to Clay, 'I'll knock you ...' "

"I told Powell's brother, 'Cool it!' I said, 'We're just having some fun, and we're trying to sell some tickets,' and we did, too. It was 12° below zero that night, and we sold out the place.

"Anyway, Charley Powell's a good talker, too, and he's telling Clay, 'Look, I'll beat you like I'm your daddy.'"

"Cassius had predicted a knockout in five, and so he said to Powell, 'Now I'm gonna cut it to three 'cause you're popping off! There's no room for two pop-offs in this business. I'm the pop-off!'"

"But I don't think Charley Powell ever got mad. It was his brother. He couldn't fathom what was going on. Football's not like this. Art was really steamed. People said Cassius was afraid, but he wasn't. Nothing disturbs him. He's the master of all situations. Nothing bothers him. He may pretend that it does, but it doesn't."

Clay does admit to a certain antipathy toward genuine, bareknuckled fistcuffs, a feeling that goes back to his early childhood. He hated street fighting and avoided it enthusiastically. "I never did bother nobody," he says. "Didn't want to get hurt. You can get hurt, killed, fighting with rocks and sticks. We'd have those fights on the way home from school. We'd be running and they'd be trying to get us, just like cowboys. I was afraid of a lot of those kids, the ones that was a little bigger. They didn't do nothing to me, really, but I wasn't no champion in those days. I didn't know nothing about boxing.

"The first day I enrolled in junior high school I was coming home, and there was two boys. One was Dub Jr. and one was Toady Moe. And they looked tough at that time. They walked up to me and they said, 'Gimme your money!' I said, 'I ain't got no money.'"

"I don't know if you ever experienced this or not. That's the way the big ones were. 'Bring me a ham sandwich tomorrow' they'd say. I was scared!

"I said, 'Man, I gotta go get a ham

continued



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sandwich!" Sometimes I wouldn't come to school. I'd duck. Or I'd slip out the back way and run home."

"I'm a peaceful person," Clay said on another occasion. "I can't remember ever getting into a fight, a real fight, when I was a kid." He was reminded of a time in junior high school when a boy swung a T-square at him. "Oh, yes," Cassius said. "That was my onliest fight. He called me sumpin' and I said, 'Don't you call me that!' and he came at me with the T-square, and I blocked it with my arm and hit him in the jaw with my right hand and knocked him out. But I didn't like that kind of thing."

The galloping contradiction implicit in the Clay who needles his opponents and the Clay who dreads coming to real blows was painfully obvious during his campaign to goad Sonny Liston. The two met briefly in a Las Vegas casino, and Clay began to ridicule Liston in front of a crowd. Sonny had endured this sophomore hazing process several dozen times before, including an early morning visit of the whole Clay entourage to the Liston home in Denver, and he did not mind going along with the gag as long as it sold tickets.

But this time, Cassius caught Sonny in a grouchy mood. He did not feel like being ragged, and he invited Clay across the room for a private discussion. One report said that Liston "fired him with a long, murderous look, then slapped him sharply across the face," whereupon Clay said, "W-wha' fo' you do that?" and walked out. Even the kindest version of the incident, the one told by loyal Angelo Dundee, includes the information that Liston slapped Clay, although Angelo says, "It was more of a pat, a gesture." All versions have Clay beating a retreat.

"The odd thing about Cassius is that he sees the world around him as a hostile environment," says a Louisville friend who has known the fighter since childhood, "and he goes out of his way to make it more hostile by rubbing it in the wrong way. Even when he's talking about race—when he says, 'I don't want to be bombed, I don't want to be set on fire, I don't want to be lynched or have no dogs chase me'—he's expressing a general freight more than a real racial attitude. I think he finds it safer to be with Negroes, his own kind. It allays his fear of all those things his father used to tell him the whites'd do to him. He

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CASSIUS CLAY continued

keeps this tight little Negro group around him, and he's scared to death to venture away from it.

"I think if you scratched down deep enough, you'd find that was at the bottom of the whole draft thing. You notice how he really blew his cool when he was first reclassified? The idea of going into the Army with all these strangers, to put himself into that strange environment, with white people at that—man, that really hit him where he lived! For a while there, he was almost hysterical about it, like he was scared to death. That was the real Cassius Clay!"

Figuring out who or what is the real Cassius Clay is a parlor game that has not proved rewarding even for experts. Clay's personality is like a jigsaw puzzle whose pieces were cut by a drunken carpenter, a jumbled collection of moods and attitudes that do not seem to interlock. Sometimes he sounds like a religious lunatic, his voice singsong and chanting, and all at once he will turn into a calm, reasoning, if sometimes confused, student of the Scriptures. He is a loudmouthed windbag and at the same time a remarkably sincere and dedicated athlete. He can be a kindly benefactor of the neighborhood children and a vicious bully in the ring, a prissy Puritan, totally intolerant of drinkers and smokers, and a foulmouthed teller of dirty jokes.

"They say there's 15 sides to Clay," says Dr. Psycho. "To me, he's just a thoroughly confused person. Sure, he has sides, but they don't mesh like the sides of a Borgia or a Cardinal Richelieu. There's no cohesion of thought from one personality to the others. He is capable of all kinds of paradoxes. He hangs around with Stepin Fetchit, makes a mascot out of him. Now, can you imagine a Black Muslim, someone with all their racial aggressiveness, can you imagine one of them making a pal out of the top Jim Crow symbol of all times! If ever there was a character in the world that the colored people should want to bury, it's Stepin Fetchit. But Cassius couldn't see any contradiction in that.

"There are so many other paradoxes about Clay. Take the verbal barrage he unleashes when any reporter comes close to him and his reticence when you're talking to him man to man. He's not a verbose person, except when he's in a crowd or talking to a reporter. And no-

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body ever talks with Cassius. You listen to him. This man who's known all over the world for his mouth can't even converse. You don't get an exchange of ideas. He doesn't even hear you.

"And take his sense of humor. He's got a strange insight into humor, when it comes to making things up about himself. But person to person he's humorless, devoid of it. He can't see humor when it hits him in the face. He never catches wit; he always takes it seriously."

According to Dr. Pacheco, some of Clay's paradoxes grow out of his tendency to be contrary or "oppositional." "He longs to figure out what the public expects him to do and then do something else, even if it's the wrong thing sometimes," the doctor says. "Lyndon Johnson has a slight tendency the same way, and so do a lot of us."

When Clay announced that he was going to apologize to the Illinois Athletic Commission for his remarks on the draft, then flew to Chicago and refused to back down, he was behaving contrarily and typically, just as he was when he came out for the Doug Jones weigh-in with a two-inch strip of adhesive tape over his mouth. After the Boxing Writers' Association voted Clay Fighter of the Year for 1965 and asked him to make an acceptance speech at a banquet, Cassius spent two hours in New York's Americana Hotel with his brother Rudolph, Angelo and Chris Dundee, Black Muslim Potentate Herbert Muhammad and eight or 10 others. At Clay's request, they were trying to figure out what the boxing writers expected him to say, so that he could say the opposite. The result was a modest, gracious speech in which Clay, for the first time in his life, gave public credit to the men around him and asked each to take a bow. For a while the boxing writers thought they were looking at a new Cassius Clay, but it was the same old Louisville Lip, striving for effect, seeking to confuse and confound the menacing world around him.

NEXT WEEK

Author Olsen reveals the depth of Clay's racial animosity. His Muslim ties are so extreme they have alienated him from many Negroes, including some members of his family.

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FAST AS AN ELEPHANT, STRONG AS AN ANT

by **BIL GILBERT**

Having examined the animal clichés beloved of writers and found them to be inaccurate or just inadequate, the author herewith offers his own high-fidelity zoological vocabulary

One day recently I was reading a story about the San Diego Chargers when I came across the following sentence describing Mr. Ernie Ladd, a tackle who is said to be 6 feet 9 inches tall and to weigh 300 pounds. Ladd, the report stated, has "a body that a grizzly bear could be proud of." Now, this is an example of the falsely anthropomorphic and the factually inaccurate natural-history metaphor, a literary device widely used by sportswriters and one that I have long thought should be reported to authorities and stamped out.

The description of Ernie Ladd is objectionable on two counts. First, there is no evidence that bears take pride in their personal appearance, physical prowess or muscular development. Among animals, only men seem susceptible to narcissism. And even if grizzlies did have the emotions of a beach



boy and sat about the woods admiring their physiques, no bear would be proud of having a body like that of Mr. Ladd.

According to my copy of *Mammals of the World* (Ernest P. Walker, The Johns Hopkins Press, 1964, page 1173), "Grizzlies 2.5 meters [about 8 feet] in length and 360 kg. [800 pounds] in weight have been recorded. . . ." In brief, Mr. Ladd is simply too puny to impress a grizzly even if grizzlies were impressionable in these matters.

I have never been one to criticize without offering constructive alternatives. Additional reading of *Mammals of the World* has uncovered some statistics that may prove useful in the future. Should the need arise, one might accurately (though still anthropomorphically) write that Mr. Ernie Ladd has a body that a female gray seal (150 kg., 2 meters) or a pygmy hippopotamus

(160 kg. 1.9 meters, counting tail) might be proud of.

It is not my purpose to embarrass or harass the man who wrote the story. Rather, it is to point out that he is the inheritor, the victim, of a bad journalistic tradition. Sportswriters have been comparing such and such an athlete to this or that animal since the dawn of sports. Many of these long-standing figures, metaphors, similes and tropes are even more wildly inaccurate and ridiculous than the comparison of Mr. Ladd to a grizzly bear.

An example that comes quickly to mind is the expression "wild as a hawk," used to describe either erratic performance (a baseball pitcher who cannot throw the ball across the plate) or untamable behavior (a fractious horse). In both senses the phrase is misleading. As far as control goes, the birds of prey are

the antithesis of wildness (in the baseball use of the word). A duck hawk, for example, flying a mile high in the sky, can suddenly turn, dive earthward at 175 mph and strike a tiny sandpiper flying just a few feet above the ground. Sandy Koufax should be so accurate. As to being untamable, I, as a falconer, have often captured a feral adult hawk and in a month had the bird flying free, returning to my hand in response to a whistled command.

My own suggestion is that "wild as a heron" would better suggest the kind of behavior that wild as a hawk is supposed to describe. In many situations herons appear uncoordinated, almost spastic. Seeing a long-legged, gangly heron trying to land or take off from the ground is an experience. Furthermore, herons are far wilder (in the ferocious sense) than hawks. The most pain-

continued

ful injury I ever received from an animal was given me by an American bittern (a heron type), who gouged a large hole in my wrist as I was attempting to free him from a fish trap.

"Loose as a goose" is an avian simile, supposedly suggesting extreme suppleness. Actually, geese have rigid pinions and are more or less hound-like weight lifters by a heavy layer of pectoral muscle. Straight as a goose, stiff as a goose, pompous as a goose would be all right. But loose as a goose? Never. A better expression of the notion would be: "Though Stats Slatern has been a stellar NBA performer for 12 seasons, he remains young in spirit and loose as a mink." The slim-bodied minks, as well as weasels, ferrets and others, are designed along the lines of a wet noodle. They look, and in fact are, far looser than a goose can possibly be.

Turning to mammals, an agility simile is "quick as a cat," often used in connection with such athletes as shortstops and goalies. It is true that cats are quicker than some things—turtles, mice, goldfish in howls, for example—but they are much less quick than many other creatures. Any wheezing old dog worth its salt can catch a cat. I once had a crow so quick that it could fly down and deliver three pecks between the eyes of a cat (which the crow despised) before the feline could raise a paw in self-defense. Not long ago I was watching a tame baboon which had the run of a yard in which was caged an ocelot. The baboon, even though working through bars, would reach into the cage and, while the ocelot was trying to get her reflexes in order, grab the cat by both her handsome tail and pointed ears. Baboon-quick is accurate and has a nice exotic ring to it.

Cats may not be the quickest animals, but at least one of the family, the cheetah, is the swiftest mammal as far as straight-ahead sprinting goes. It would seem that "run like a cheetah" would be a natural simile for sportswriters, but what do we have? "Ziggy Zagowski, slashing left half for the Keokuk Kidneys, ran like a rabbit through the defending Sioux City Spleens." Now, for a few jumps a rabbit can move at a rate of 30 or 35 miles an hour, but 20 mph is its pace for a distance as great as 100 yards. This rate is about the same as—or a bit slower than—that of a journeyman human sprinter over the same course.

The chances are that if old Zig could not outleg a bunny he would not have even made his high school team. If, however, he could run like a cheetah it would be a different matter, since those cats can do the 440 at 71 mph.

Since an elephant can skip along as fast as 25 mph (a bit faster than Bob Hayes or the average contortist), it would be highly complimentary to say of an athlete that he runs like an elephant. However, the expression "elephantine" is actually used in sports as a term of derision, to wit a ponderous, slow-moving, clumsy performer. Actually, elephants are not only swift heavies but graceful ones. Despite their size, they are almost as quick as a hahoon or as loose as a mink. They can slip quietly through the jungle, stand on a barrel or a ballerina at the behest of a ringmaster. "Horsine" would be a better term to designate a stumblethum. Horses are forever falling over small pebbles, ropes and their own feet. When a horse and rider start down even a gradual incline or up a path slightly narrower than the Pennsylvania Turnpike, the rider must dismount, and it is he who must lead, guide and, in general, prop up the horse.

Great strength has its place in sports, and it is traditional to describe the athlete who possesses it as being "strong as an ox." As in the case of quick cats and fast rabbits, the simile is not completely false, only inadequate. In proportion to their bulk, oxen are relatively strong but not overpoweringly so. A team of oxen weighing 3,400 pounds can move a dead weight, say a block of granite, equal to about three times its own weight. This is a far feat when compared to a 150-pound weight lifter who can dead-lift 300 pounds. However, it is a feeble effort when one considers the ant, which can pick up a load 50 times heavier than itself. To speak of a fullback as being strong as an ant would be high praise indeed, since it would signify that the player could, without undue strain, carry the entire opposing team not only across the goal line, but right up into Row E.

Held in high regard by coaches, reporters and fans is the athlete who works incessantly at mastering the fundamentals of his game. Often such persevering types are admired as "beavers." This, of course, is a contraction of the folksy expressions "to work like a beaver" or "to be as busy as a beaver," both of which are



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based upon a misunderstanding of the beaver's nature and misobservation of the animal's customary behavior. Unlike some animals that must travel many miles a day just to rustle up a square meal, beavers seldom forage more than a hundred yards from their home. Beavers construct their well-publicized dams and lodges only when it is absolutely impossible to find a sustainable natural watercourse. The lovely moose, on the other hand, may dig several hundred yards of tunnel in a day in an incessant effort to keep body and soul together. "I like that boy, all spring long he's been mofing away," would be an apt way for a coach to describe and praise industriousness.

Cannies have a strong attraction for scries looking for a vird, if fallacious, phrase. There is, for example, the viciran who is a "sly, foxy" competitor. (If foxes are so sly, how come they never run down the hounds? Who ever heard of a hunt catching a skunk?) Then there is the prizefighter about to addle the brains of his opponent or the fast-ball pitcher poised to stick one in a batter's ear. These violent men, we are often told, have a "wolfish grin" on their faces.

One of the few naturalists who have been close enough long enough to *swallow* wolves to observe their facial expressions is Farley Mowat, who spent a summer camped virtually on the den-step of a family of Arctic wolves. Mowat in his delightful book, *Wolverine Howl*, claims that for wolves were kindly, affectionate, tolerant animals who looked and acted more like diplomats than thugs. This stands to reason. Many creatures besides man are predators, but hardly any species except man tries to do real violence to its own kind in play while contemplating the prospect with a grin. If such a premythem facial expression as a "wolfish grin" actually exists, it is probably unique to man. If this peculiar look of violence must be compared to that of some other animal, I recommend the short-tailed shrew.

The short-tailed shrew is one of the commonest animals of North America and one of the most perpetually predatory. Ounce for ounce (which is what a large shrew weighs), there is no busier killer in the world. Awake, the shrew is almost always preparing to kill, is killing or has just killed, and its victims include rodents, reptiles, birds and mammals several times its own size. The shrew, like almost all other mammals,



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If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle

(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)

does not kill out of capriciousness or playfulness, but rather because it has an extraordinarily high metabolic rate. It must daily consume the equivalent of its own body weight in order to keep the inner fires burning. (Eat like a shrew, rather than eat like a horse, would better describe the habits of a first baseman who is such a formidable trencherman that he can no longer bend down to scoop up low throws.) When a shrew closes in to kill something, say a white-footed mouse, it wears a really dreadful expression. A shrew is chinless, and its long mouth slashes across the underpart of its muzzle in a cruel, sharklike line. As the tiny killer closes in, its eyes glitter with excitement and two long brown fangs (which, incidentally, drip with a venomous saliva) are exposed. If Sonny Liston looked only half as wicked as a short-tailed shrew he might still be heavyweight champion of the world.

I fully realize that many of the criticisms and suggestions offered here do violence to some of the most cherished traditions of sports journalism, but there is no holding back literary and scientific progress. Consider, for example, the manner in which the style I advocate, high-fidelity zoological metaphor, injects color as well as accuracy into the following interview with Sig Schock of the Pardy Pumas:

"Sig Schock, a big horsine man, grizzled as a Norway rat, leaned back against the plywood bench, taking up a position so that the hot sun beat down on his ant-like shoulders. The eyes, old but still sharp as a barn owl's, flicked over the practice field, where the young Pumas cavorted as quick as so many baboons. 'I'll tell you,' Sig confided in his disconcertingly high, spring-peeperlike voice. 'These kids has got it. The most of them can run like elephants, a couple like cheetahs. And size. We finally got some. We got six boys with builds like a female gray seal's. Coarse, they're snail young, some of them are wild as herons—that's O.K., they got the old desire. Every one of them is a snapping turtle or a raccoon. And I'll tell you something,' the sly, skunky veteran added, lowering his squeaky voice. 'We'll chew 'em up and lay 'em out this season.' A shrewish grin spread across the battered old face."

Leaving you with that, I remain proud as a peacock, sassy as a jaybird, happy as a clam.

END

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MacGregor / **BRUNSWICK** 

DIVISION OF BRUNSWICK CORPORATION

Ever since December when Houston Sportswriter Jack Gallagher compared the management of the Oilers to that of the shipshod Cuban government, Owner **Bud Adams** has nursed a grievance. "Hello, Skunkhead," was Adams' greeting, for example, when the bald-headed Gallagher and a photographer dropped by a Houston hotel to get a picture of the AFL executive committee and the league's new commissioner, **Al Davis**. Presently Adams, standing tall in leotard cowboy boots, became somewhat more specific about his contempt for the writer and, as those things go, Adams and Gallagher suddenly were embroiled in a rolling slug-fest on the floor. So, with the help of Buffalo Hills Owner **Ralph Wilson**, Commissioner Davis, his first day on the job, asserted his newly invested authority (*heleu, center*) and broke it up.

He looks as fit as he did the night eight years ago when he decked Floyd Patterson and was, by his reckoning, "reborn" for five seconds." But Olympic Boxer **Pete Rademacher**, 37, hears another drumbeat these days. Hailing from Columbus, Ohio, he showed up at a women's convention in Men-

phis to peddle a line of exercise equipment for fighting flab between the blades—\$250, complete with Pete's program for strength, endurance and "muscle flexibility." Flexibility has long been Rademacher's virtue, and so he is now able to see the humor in his challenge to Patterson's world heavyweight title. "For me, the chance to fight Patterson was a fantastic opportunity," said Rademacher. But boxing had to be in a sorry state to allow it to happen. Said Pete, "I hope it never gets to that state again."

Whatever became of **Bob Feller**? "Actually, I haven't been away," says Bob in an advertisement he places now and then in *The Sporting News*. The old fast-baller's pitch is that somehow between his busy insurance business in Cleveland and his hobby of managing amateur teams he still has time (call direct, no middleman) for nationwide speaking engagements. Depending on circumstances, fees are adjustable, Feller said, but the meager fees available are pretty much stock. "Sports in the American Democracy" is about the mingling of the virtues of teamwork and self-sufficiency. "Strike Out Scary" is an anecdotal account of Feller's happy childhood on a

farm in Van Meter, Iowa where Rapid Robert threw some early pitches in his indulgent mother's living room.

At the age of 15 he besieged Santiago de Cuba with Teddy Roosevelt, at 20 he was "sporting" editor of the now-defunct *St. Louis Chronicle*, at 30 he was elected lieutenant governor of Illinois, and last week, two weeks this side of his 84th birthday, Congressman **Berritt O'Hara** was campaigning hard for his ninth term as the iron-man Representative of Chicago's Second District. "Do you believe, Congressman, your health is up to a ninth term?" a reporter asked at a press conference. Said O'Hara (who once—years ago—wrote a history of boxing called *From Flee to Johnson*): "I wouldn't challenge my opponent [who is 40] to a fight, but I will put on gloves with any of you gentlemen and guarantee to go six rounds." Nobody present lifted a finger.

The way the excitement was building up—an eight-week sell-out in Moscow's Variety Theater, the installation of an open telephone line to Erivan, 1,100 miles away—who could blame Armenia's **Tigran Petrosian**, the world chess champion, for being fit to pop? The Tiger, accordingly, wore off chess completely for a full month before the 24-game world championship match that began in Moscow last week and devoted all his waking energies to skunk and billiards. "It is important to have nervous power, to forget the competition," said Petrosian. "And in the course of a billiards game you walk around the table several kilometers—an excellent means of active rest."

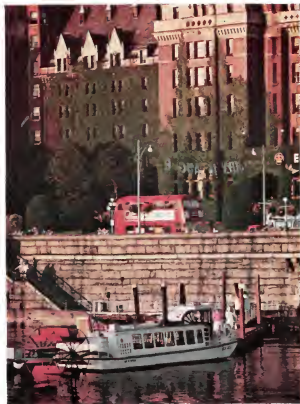
Although Darryl Dean is out of work after 25 years of broadcasting major league baseball, brother **Paul Dee** (Duffy) Dean has just signed on as athletic director of Texas' bite-sized (100 students) University of Plano. Coaching baseball will be a cinch, said the Gasheuse pitcher,

and as for other sports, all they demand is "common sense." Track? "Just make the boys run straight and not too slow." Football? "Try anything—three laterals. If it works." Paul, at one time or another the owner-manager of four minor league teams, sets much store by common sense—to the point of demeaning his current employer. "I'll take it 100 to 1 over the other kind," he says, "because the best education in the world is money." How does that work out, practically speaking? Explains Duffy, "I don't believe in doing something for nothing when I can get paid for it."

Despite his 74 years, **Francisco Franco**'s taste for the outdoors still runs to such taxing exertions as charging up hillbides in pursuit of mountain goats or enduring for hours hip-deep immersion in an icy trout stream. Last week, on a more subdued holiday, Franon nosed his yacht *Azor* into port to take a crack at the splendid new Sotogrande golf course in Cadiz (*heles*). The Generalissimo shot his cuffs and plopped his first drive into a water hazard, and never recovered his form. Seven over par after three such harrowing holes, he called it quits and beat a retreat to the *Azor*.



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*Dacron is a registered trademark.

Now it's the waltz-me-around-again Wankel

A new kind of internal-combustion engine makes a smoothly rhythmic dance of power transmission by replacing the jerky piston of old with a rotor that matches the spinning motion of a boat's propeller

The trouble with engines, by and large, is pistons. Pistons go up and down. This would be all right if boats and automobiles ran on legs, which also go up and down. But propellers and wheels, on which boats and cars depend for their movement, go around. Thus most of the ingenuity (as well as most of the moving parts) in an engine designed to drive a boat or a car is aimed at translating the up-and-down movement of pistons into the rotary movement of the drive shaft.

Motor manufacturers have known for a long time that their problems would be vastly simplified if they could find a piston that would spin instead of bouncing. But the perfecting of such a design has eluded engineers almost as long as the perfecting of a perpetual-motion machine.

Now, however, Outboard Marine Corporation believes it has found a rotating piston motor that really works. It was invented by Felix Wankel, a German mechanical engineer who was once in the employ of Hermann Goering's *Luftwaffe*. Wankel got to thinking seriously about rotary pistons when he was working on rotary valves and sealing systems for Germany's burgeoning air force before World War II. His ideas had plenty of precedent. Designs for dozens of different versions of the rotary combustion engine were lying in the files of nearly every engine manufacturer in Europe. Soon after the war ended, his purpose buttressed with the knowledge of all those former failures, Wankel set up a workshop of his own in a boathouse on the banks of Bavaria's placid Bodensee in Lindau.

West Germany was then just beginning its industrial recovery, and few Ger-

man engine manufacturers were anxious to change pistons in midstream. But one small maker of sewing machines in the Black Forest was eager to expand into automobiles—provided it could find a gimmick to get started with. Wankel's notion of a rotary engine seemed just the thing, and the firm of NSU-Wankel was born.

After a number of trials and errors, the new combine at last produced a rotary that worked and gave it a public demonstration—not, however, in a car, but in a boat. Mounted in a miniature craft, the little Wankel towed a water skier around a German pond at 28 mph as smoothly and silently as one of its maker's sewing machines.

continued



WANKEL'S "TRIANGULAR ROTOR," which takes the place of a piston in an ordinary engine, spins around its combustion chamber on a shaft set slightly off-center. As it turns, crescent-shaped spaces at each of its sides expand and contract to suck in and then compress the explosive gas.



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BOATING *continued*

By 1958 the Wankel principle had advanced far enough to interest Curtiss-Wright, one of the world's biggest manufacturers of airplane engines. Over the years Curtiss-Wright has paid out some \$5,200,000 for the sole right to manufacture Wankels in North America plus the sole right to develop Wankels for aircraft all over the world. One by one, other big-name engine manufacturers got into the act. In Japan, Toyo Kogyo bought the right to make Wankels in its part of the world. Daimler-Benz is now developing both diesel and fuel-injector Wankels up to 180 hp. The Perkins group in England is working on an air-cooled outboard.

Now America's Outboard Marine, a company so huge it includes the two biggest names in outboard boating—Evinrude and Johnson—has put up more than a million dollars for the right to make Wankels for boats.

Whether or not the prediction of the Stanford Research Institution that half the compact cars in the world will be rotary-powered by 1972 comes true, it is certain that many if not most outboard motorboats will be. Whatever else it may be good for, the Wankel seems almost perfect for outboards. It is constructed of only two moving parts: a rotor and a drive shaft to which the rotor is directly connected, without the intercession of any rattling crankshafts, connecting rods or bearings. Right there three-quarters of the headaches of motor design and maintenance have been banished.

The Wankel rotor, which takes the place of the piston in a reciprocal engine, is a thick, three-cornered slab of machined metal shaped rather like a Valentine's Day heart except that all three of its sides are identical. Just as a piston moves up to compress a mixture of gas and air in the cylinder of a reciprocal engine and is in turn forced down again by the explosion of the mixture, the rotor in a Wankel slides around a specially shaped chamber, first compressing, then being pushed by that same explosive mixture. The chamber that takes the place of a cylinder in the Wankel is shaped like a very thick-walled hourglass. It is known technically as an epitrochoid. Thanks to an eccentric fixed to the drive shaft, the rotor is made to move around this chamber in a waltz-like motion somewhat comparable to the combined rotation

and revolution of the earth in space.

As the rotor dances, it keeps each of its three corners pressing against the walls of the epitrochoid chamber in a gastight seal. Between each of its three sides and the walls of the chamber, therefore, there is a crescent-shaped space which grows fatter and thinner as the rotor moves round, just as the empty space in a cylinder grows smaller and bigger as the piston moves up or down.

There are no intake or exhaust valves in a Wankel and hence no need for a camshaft or tappets to actuate them. As the rotor turns, one of its corners passes an intake port. As it moves on, the crescent chamber expands and the fuel mixture is sucked in. The next corner of the rotor then moves on to seal up the intake port and the crescent chamber becomes smaller and smaller, compressing the gas mixture until it is dragged past a sparkplug. The ignition causes an explosion that drives the rotor on past the exhaust port through which the spent gases are flushed away. A fraction of a second later the corner has reached the intake port again, and the whole cycle begins once more.

Meanwhile, of course, the same process is going on at progressively different stages on each of the other two sides of the rotor—a circumstance that has led shrewd German tax assessors to classify the Wankel as a "three-cylinder engine" although its German manufacturers stoutly insist—for tax purposes—that it is only a "one-cylinder engine."

Whatever its tax status, the Wankel delivers its driving power in a smooth and unbroken continuum whose contrary forces are so balanced as to make it almost completely vibration-free. This, in addition to the simplicity of its design, permits normal compression with incredible lightness of construction. Curtiss-Wright reports a marine Wankel with a power-weight ratio of only half a pound per horsepower.

There is not much more that Outboard Marine or any other manufacturer can do for the complex power plants they now hang on transoms except to make them bigger and more complex. With an enormous investment in the status quo, OMC insists that it has no intention of scrapping all its current designs in favor of the Wankel. But it seems a safe million-dollar bet that it won't tuck that tidy Wankel away in the attic and just forget it.

END

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HAWAII'S NEW
**MAUNA
KEA
BEACH
HOTEL**

Hail the magnificent chestnut

**Stepping up the distances on his
way to the Derby, Graustark goes
seven furlongs and wins laughing**

What was resolved in last week's racing among the 3-year-olds hopefully heading for the Kentucky Derby is that undefeated Graustark won't be bothered by girl trouble—at least, not until he retires to stud at John Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm. While the magnificent chestnut ran his win streak to seven in another allowance race at Keeneland, the country's two best sophomore fillies, Moccasin and Priceless Gem, indicated in different ways that neither is about to threaten Regret's record as the only filly to win at Churchill Downs.

Priceless Gem's recent loss of weight and her generally poor looks prompted Trainer Harsch Jacobs to keep her out of the one-mile Gotham—which resulted in a one-two finish for the Wheatley-Phipps entry of Stupendous and Impressive. The treatment Jacobs is giving her will retard her training by a crucial two weeks or so. But it was loss of form rather than weight that was plaguing Moccasin. In Keeneland's six-furlong Ashland she went off as the 3-to-10 favorite and lost for the second week in a row.

This time Moccasin was beaten in the hunt as the finished sixth, heavier more than six lengths by Justakiss. After the race, her jockey, Larry Adams, suggested she didn't like dirt being thrown up at her. To others it seemed more likely that her complete loss of zip was the result of something hurting her. Whatever the reason, she would have a hard time winning the Kentucky Oaks now; a mile-and-a-quarter Derby against Graustark would be out of the question.

Who should tackle Graustark? At the moment, I'd say nobody. Although Stupendous ran his Gotham mile in a lightning 1:34½, he has been too inconsistent to rate as a top contender for classic honors. Impressive is a fine sprinter with no business at Churchill Downs, either, and the biggest disappointment of all was Mrs. Edward Lasker's Indulio, who finished fifth.

It is hard to look beyond Graustark. He is inspiring every time he takes to the track, and last Saturday he was perhaps more so than ever. He was originally scheduled to run this week in Friday's Fore-runner, but Owner Galbreath and Trainer Lloyd Gentry had a sudden change of mind. Around any racetrack this always starts a rash of rumors. "The decision was made," said Galbreath, "purely to give the colt his best chance. On looking ahead, it appeared that the Fore-runner might not fill—what with all the publicity about Graustark running in it—and we'd have had to run, in effect, another exhibition. Shipping Graustark into this seven-furlong race guaranteed him some competition."

The race was a picnic for Graustark, although it was not entirely without incident. Breaking from the inside post in the five-horse field, Braulio Baeza allowed Graustark to be outrun by He Jr., who came out of the No. 2 slot. Trainer Gentry wants Graustark to get accustomed to being rated behind early speed, and He Jr. is a quick little thing for a half mile. His jockey, a refugee from Oaklawn Park named Jack Fieselman, had a trick or two of his own. "All the way down the backstretch," said an unusually angry Baeza later, "the son of a bitch tried to put me into the fence. He bumped me twice, so before we came to the half-mile pole—sooner than I wanted to—I went to the front to get away from him." From there home it was goodby Charlie. He Jr. had covered the first quarter in 23½, but the rest of the fractions (45½, 1:09½) and the final time of 1:22½ were all Graustark's as he beat Cabildo by three and three-quarter lengths. Graustark galloped out a mile in a snappy 1:35.

Baeza mustered some praise for his favorite horse. "I'd have to say," he murmured cautiously, "that this horse gets better every time out. I've never yet had to get into him and really set him down. What he'll do then will be interesting to see."

END

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Imagine nobody noticing you in a car that looks like this

Impala SS Sport Coupe with eight safety features, including padded instrument panel and sun visors, now standard.

Somehow Impala doesn't seem destined to be big with secret agents



After all, in a year when the lean, clean look is the thing, this Body by Fisher is simply bound to turn heads.

From the distinctive front styling to the smart new wrap-around taillights, the Impala SS demands attention. There's not a single wasted line on this one.

The view from the inside is just as pleasing with wall-to-

wall deep-twist carpeting and foam cushioned Strato-hocket front seats standard on this model. It's all accented with tasteful touches of bright metal and brushed aluminum.

Of course the interiors are color-keyed to complement whichever Magic-Mirror finish you choose. Nice? Naturally. Inconspicuous? Hardly.

Styling the Chevrolet Way





Win or lose, Doug Sanders is a pop artist's dream

The brightest sight on any golf course since Jimmy Demaret, the tour's leading money winner is wowing galleries with his head-to-toe match-ups

As Doug Sanders goes, so goes a box of crayons. That is not the newest saying on the professional golf tour, but it is one that is likely to endure. From his shoelaces right up to the tee he sticks behind his ear, Sanders is splashed with the brightest colors in the sport. The question most often asked about him in the galleries now is not how many strokes under par is he, but what, oh what, is he wearing today?

For many years the touring professionals have set the styles for the seven million or so pleasure golfers in the U.S.—a group that makes golf apparel a multimillion-dollar business. When Harry Vardon played in a tweed coat and cap, so did everyone in this country. When Bobby Jones ruled the '20s bareheaded and in knickers, the recreational golfer would rather have shanked every iron shot than been in slacks or a hat.

Then came the '30s and '40s, and Jimmy Demaret. He was the first pro to introduce flamboyant colors in his slacks, shoes and shirts. He was, you might say, an early-day Sanders. Golf never really lost the influence of Demaret, but through the late '40s and early '50s it was toned down considerably by Ben Hogan, whose perpetual success drew attention to his conservative dress, to his grays and browns topped by the ever-present white cap.

Between Hogan and Sanders, the pros have played through several clothing fads: baseball-type caps, beltless slacks, alpaca sweaters, alligator shoes and more varieties of knit shirts than there are ways to hit into a water hazard. But now comes Doug Sanders, displaying his reds and greens and blues and tangerines, to lead a heavy new charge toward sprightly attire. At the Masters

a week ago he was his own color spectacular as he wore the three outfits at left, plus an emerald-green ensemble that looked lusher than Augusta's grass. Even his fellow competitors there were thinking about Doug's outfits. Bruce Devlin, learning that he would play with Sanders on the second day of the Masters, said, "I hope he wears green. I've got a green sweater that will open his eyes." But Sanders outguessed Devlin by wearing blue and white.

Sanders undoubtedly has more clothes than any other pro on the tour, and he devotes more time to considering exactly what he will wear than do his contemporaries. For one thing, he travels with a valet named Rico Reveron, who lays out his slacks, shirts and sweaters the evening before his next round. Not only that, Reveron also caddies for him (where it is permitted), drives his car to distant points (last week Rico and the car were in Dallas, where a telephone and stereo set were being installed in the vehicle while Doug was in Las Vegas) and does other odd jobs. If Sanders does not like the color schemes Rico has suggested, he changes them, grabs a handful of tees to match, plus a complementing golf glove, and sprints off to the tournaments that have become his own private show windows.

"The manufacturing companies have been very helpful in sending each other swatches so that my colors can be coordinated," says Sanders, sounding more like a designer than the tour's leading money winner—\$69,257 so far this year. His golf shoes, all 50 pairs of them, are furnished by the Stylist Golf Shoe Company of Brockton, Mass. He prefers patent-leather shoes, because they have a deeper luster, even though they

may not last as long. Stylist has 20 fall colors and 18 spring colors in stock, including such whimsical hues as Plum Beautiful, Tangerine Orange, Persian Copper, Crushed Grape, Beau Blue and the Red Sail you see on the left. Though Sanders gets them free, the ordinary consumer will pay as much as \$65 a pair for them. Stylist is now working on an iridescent shoe that will shimmer in four or five colors, and one can only assume that Sanders will wear it first.

As for Sanders' slacks, they are actually as functional as they are fashionable. They are slim and cuffless. Therefore they do not flap in the wind, and they do not collect grass and sand, as cuffed trousers do.

The Sanders wardrobe is strewn across the land, partly because a freight train would be needed to move it. He has clothes by the closetful in Dallas, Ojai, Calif., Los Angeles and at home in Georgia, and he estimates he owns 50 pairs of slacks.

Sanders has also been a leader in the trend toward the mock turtle shirt, which has either long or short sleeves and comes in everything from cotton to cashmere. The most typical view of Doug is the one at the lower left of the opposite page. There he wears what he considers his basic color, white, with Key Largo Blue shoes, Carolina Blue turtleneck sweater and white golf glove. He never wears a glove more than once—which means he goes through about 300 a year.

"I appreciate being regarded by many people as the world's best-dressed golfer, and I consider my affiliation with some companies as a selling job," says Sanders. "If I see a color I like that is made by another firm, I'll buy the garment and then send it to my own companies and see if they can duplicate it for me."

Sanders hopes to carry his penchant for colors even further. He is working on a deal with a golf-bag company to make a special white—Sanders White?—bag for him with a detachable pocket, so that each day he can have a pocket to match his clothing.

"Arnold Palmer likes airplanes, and Jack Nicklaus likes boats," says Sanders. "I like clothes."

No argument.

END

AT THE MASTERS Sanders competed in these crowd-drawing outfits. Upper left is his first-day tangerine, lower left is his second-day blue and white. For the last day he chose Red Sail.

An added attraction for a season's finale

His ailments cured, Elgin Baylor played brilliantly to lead the Lakers to victory over St. Louis and an upset of Boston in their first game for the title. But it will take all of his skill to beat the champions

A certain unique sound was missing from the pro basketball arenas much of this season. Matchless in tonal quality, it is the noise of a crowd in mid-gasp—a sort of breathless *ohh-ahhhh!* from five, 10, 15,000 voices that rises on the second beat and holds. And holds. It waits for Elgin Baylor to decide, after every muscle in his body has given a fake of its own as he hangs in midair, to release the basketball.

Well, the sound is back, signaling that Elgin Baylor, once one of the most exciting players ever to make the NBA scene, also is back. Though his left knee-cap is fully repaired (it was shattered on April 3, 1965), Baylor is a few steps short of his previous greatness and he needs rest often. But last week the St. Louis Hawks, for one team, were not counting those steps. The Hawks gave it a good try, pushing their playoff series with Los

Angeles to seven games, but Baylor was too much. He drove the Lakers into the championship finals, where their reward was to face Boston, the team they have met four times for the title and never beaten.

While Baylor recuperated or played himself back into shape during the regular season, the Lakers were carried along largely by the shooting of Jerry West. Still, they would not have beaten the Hawks with Baylor on the bench or playing at half-speed. He averaged 17 points and less than 10 rebounds a game during the season. Against the Hawks those figures were 29 and 13—plus about 15 gasps per game.

With the emergence of Gail Goodrich as a dependable third guard, the Lakers are not going to be patsies for the Celtics, as they showed in the first game. They pushed the champions into overtime and then won 133-129, Baylor scoring 36 and West 41.

The Celtics this year furnished the best argument ever made in favor of the playoffs as determining the best team when they defeated—no, humiliated—the Philadelphia 76ers four games to one in the Eastern Division final after losing six of 10 to Philly during the season. Not just for Philadelphians but for all fans who yearned to see a new team at the top, this series was to be it for the Celtics. Fix-them-wagon, settle-them-bash time. Philadelphia in four. Well, maybe five. Would you believe six?

Boston was creaking with age, hand-aged to the ears and tired after just squeezing by Cincinnati in the semi-finals. Philly was rested and confident after winning the division title. The talent surrounding Wilt Chamberlain was the best he has ever had. He had Hal Greer, Chet Walker and rookie Billy Cunningham, shooters and scorers with whom he could play games. Games like pass-the-ball. And he had rebounders like Walker and Lucious Jackson.

But in the first two games of the playoffs the good outside shooting disap-



FREED BY A DECEPTIVE DRIVE, BAYLOR SAILS IN FOR TWO AGAINST THE HAWKS

peared—Greer and Cunningham shot 11 of 45 and Walker wasn't much better. When this happens, Philadelphia has to look to Wilt, as in the old days, for everything. Also, when this happens and when Wilt is looked to too much, he becomes moody, shaking his head, wringing his hands, suffering. Lastly, when this happens—and this is fairly important—the 76ers do not stand too good a chance of beating the janitors. They had no chance against Boston.

Back in Convention Hall for the only game they were to win, the 76ers took a 24-point lead as the Celtics, two up and pacing themselves, missed their first seven shots in each of the first two periods. Wally Jones had the 76ers running well for the first time, a cardinal point. Jones can break a press quickly, thus defeating a key Boston tactic. The Celts like to force rivals to take 10 seconds getting to half court, which drastically cuts maneuver-and-shoot time. Jones does not let this happen. In turn, Boston tries to get Jones out of the game by having Sam Jones take him inside on offense and draw fouls.

Wally stayed out of foul trouble this time because Jackson helped out on Sam Jones—but the Celtics came back anyway to within one point. If it hadn't been for Greer, who kicked his slump with nine points in the final quarter, Boston might have won this one, too. 76ERS RETURN TO GREATNESS, headlined one Philadelphia paper, but it is ironic that this Celtic loss may have been the key game of the whole series, coming as it did when Boston expected to be run out of the gym. "We give them 24 points and they don't know what to do with it," Red Auerbach snorted. "We know what to do with it." (In their first-game loss to the Lakers, the Celtics did not know what to do with an early 18-point lead.)

Chamberlain's play, uninspiring through the first three games, was a study in contrasts in game four on Easter Sunday in Boston. There have been occasions this season when he has confounded even his teammates with a reluctance—almost a refusal—to shoot. And this was the case now. He scored only 15 points (on 14 shots) but still had one of the best games of his turbulent career. He had 20 rebounds in the first half, only one less than the entire Boston team, and the 76ers were playing beautifully—Greer shooting well, Jones directing the running crisply. Al Bianchi coming off the

bench to score 15 points by half time.

But the Celtics managed to stay within striking range and then Auerbach brought in Mel Counts, who had been under wraps while Boston went about its montage offense. With the Celtics 13 points behind and 7:26 left in the third quarter, Counts began to get the ball for Boston. He had eight rebounds and five points in nine minutes and when he left, the Philly lead was down to five and the momentum was with the Celtics. Sam Jones and John Havlicek got hot and Boston ran away in an overtime.

Schuyler called a practice in Philadelphia the next day, but Chamberlain did not feel up to it. He stayed at his apartment in New York, showing up on Tuesday in time for the game. If he could have stayed away from the foul line that night, his previous absence might not have seemed so conspicuous. Wilt had a fine board and floor game, turning to the basket for dunks rather than relying on the fadeaway shot. But he missed 17 of 25 free throws. Boston hit 35 of 41 and shot 42.3% from the floor, winning more easily than the 120-112 score indicated.

Champions should show their class when a title is at stake. It is worth noting that in this series four of Philadelphia's top six men were down from their season's average, while five of Boston's top seven were up. The 76ers' foul shooting was preposterous. They hit 132 of 203 for the series—a .650 percentage. Players are cut from high school squads for similar records. A champion team this was not.

The question arises, in fact, as to just how much Philadelphia's supporters deserve a champion. Convention Hall may be the only arena in America where the official scorer baits the referee. At one point in the final game, through the debris of programs, cups and assorted trash raining upon the court, came a plea from the P.A. announcer: "We genuinely, sincerely, hope that we will not find any more Easter eggs crashing to the floor." Some wit brought down the house with a loud "How about light bulbs?"

After the game Wilt Chamberlain was answering questions in the locker room. One reporter bugged him about his foul shooting and Wilt had to be restrained from going after him. "If you were just a little bit bigger," Chamberlain said, "just a little bit bigger," Wilt there ever be anybody just a little bit bigger than the Boston Celtics?



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HORSE SHOWS / Alice Higgins

Amateurs took the honors

Despite a background of bickering between jumper and saddle-horse people, the nonpros at San Antonio made the opening show a success

Aside from the winners, who, understandably, seldom complain about anything, participants in the opening show of the Southwest circuit at San Antonio a fortnight ago were caught up in a growing antagonism between saddle-horse people and the hunter-jumper exhibitors. Though they made up the largest division in the show, the hunter-jumpers felt they received second-class treatment from management, and that this led to bad scheduling and late hours. That the co-chairmen at San Antonio obviously were chiefly interested in saddle horses did not improve the situation.

This disturbing contretemps was even more apparent at Winter Haven, Fla. last month, the jumpers felt like poor relations of the saddle-horse crowd. If it continues, such lack of understanding and communication among people with a common interest could lead to more shows for specialized types only, which is deplorable. A good horse show needs a variety of breeds and events.

Fortunately, other aspects of the San Antonio show were extremely satisfying. The ladies', amateur and juvenile classes were well filled and keenly competitive. Prize money and attendance broke all records. At the same time, there were fewer horses than last year in some divisions, and while mere numbers are never a substitute for quality, it was somewhat disappointing to see only four or five come through the gate for the stake classes in the saddle-horse division.

The New Look, that hold-moving chestnut gelding who, with Lee Shipman in the saddle, had won the five-gated championship last year, was shown in the ladies' and amateur classes by his owner, Mrs. Thurman Barrett Jr. In the ladies' event he and Mrs. Barrett were never able to decide just who was in charge, and after a workout the class was won by Belle Destiny, a fine chestnut mare cleverly ridden by her owner, Mrs. Joan Robinson Hill. But the situation was reversed in the amateur

stake. Before the class was finished, Joan Hill asked permission to withdraw from the ring. Meanwhile, Mrs. Barrett and The New Look had had a meeting of minds and they won the class without a workout. Earlier Mrs. Barrett's son Mark, on Penny Stonewall, won the three-gated class for juvenile riders.

For those who complain that San Antonio is an "Art Simmonds" show, it was—but only because Art had the horses to win with. On Lafayette Ward's Gallant Man he received the tricolor in a rather bland championship five-gated stake, and Betty Ward, riding her Simmonds-trained Flaming Dawn, won both the ladies' and amateur three-gated events in more interesting contests. City Hall, a fine harness horse owned by Mrs. E. H. Green and also trained by Simmonds, won all the classes in which he was entered.

Most of the saddle horses were owned by Texans, and the same was true in the hunter-jumper division. This, of course, does not imply a mere local show, Texas being the size it is, but it does point up the growing interest in the area, particularly among the hunter-jumper owners. Only this year, for example, a retail store was opened in Houston where owners can buy ready-to-wear habits instead of ordering via the catalog, and the improvement in the appearance of many riders was noticeable.

Again the junior riders were exciting to watch. "I don't know if they ride like Indians, or ride as if the Indians were after them," said one observer at a hard-fought timed jump-off. Whichever it was, it was young ladies' day for sure as Rafael Joseffy's Sea Lorn earned the championship, and Beau Brummel, ridden by Benali Schlein, was reserve.

The open-jumper stake and championship went to a green horse, Vixen's Echo, owned by Kurth Sprague. She was purchased from Ben O'Meara, who had a champion of his own (Gone Flynn) at Winter Haven last month.

END

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The easiest way to talk about what sport has done to television and what television has done to sport is to talk money. In 1960 it cost \$50,000 to buy the rights to the Winter Olympics. In 1964 the price was \$650,000, and for 1968 it's costing us \$2 million. Last year the NFL completed a two-year deal with CBS that set the network back \$28.2 million. For the next two years the figure is \$37.6 million. In 1962 a one-minute commercial during an NFL game cost \$37,000. Today it's \$70,000.

But there's more to it than dollars and cents, obviously. Today there is twice as much sport on national television as there was five years ago, and the relationship has become more subtle and profound. Is television having a salutary

effect on sport? Or is it taking it over, changing it and running it?

In recent years, by spending millions of dollars for the rights to sports events, television has become the biggest promoter in history, while at the same time becoming the largest source of information. This sets up a basic ethical conflict that television will have to face soon. Is it going to be strictly an entertainment medium, or is it deserving of journalistic stature?

I believe the gravest danger is the insidious kind of salesmanship that's been creeping into sportscasts. It's bona fide to make institutional announcements if they are identified as such, like the NCAA plug during football *continued*

Is television a voracious monster that is taking over and ruining sport?

Here the vice-president in charge of sports for the American Broadcasting Company, and a man of many monitors, trenchantly answers TV's critics

BY ROONE ARLEDGE WITH GILBERT ROGIN

It's TV



games when we superimpose the shield. What bothers me is when we start shilling for an organization, working into our commentary how well balanced a certain league is, extolling the opportunities it holds for youth, the average take-home pay, its liberal retirement plan or, as NBC has been doing, overtly helping to sign kids for the AFL. No one claims CBS owns the NFL, or that it is dependent on the ogres of Madison Avenue, but it's obvious that in addition to reporting football games NBC has to create an illusion of parity with the NFL. This, of course, was what we tried to do when we had the AFL, making, in effect, a silk purse (a high-scoring offense) out of a sow's ear (no defense). It remains to be seen, however, if sheer money can build a sport.

A side effect of the struggle between the rival networks is that the public is beginning to judge the stature of sports events by how much money they command, or what their ratings are. Why this should have any bearing I can't imagine. What difference does it make to people at home that the NFL has twice as high a rating as the AFL? The drama of competition in the arena is becoming secondary. The medium that should be reporting is becoming part of the competition.

Although there are a few sports that are willing to pay for the exposure of television, most of them feel that if the NFL is worth \$37.6 million, then they must be worth at

least \$100,000. Once, for *Wide World of Sports*, we wanted to show a very brief segment of natives diving off the cliff at Acapulco. The senior diver told us, "There is an Acapulco divers' union to negotiate with, and our going rate for a special is \$100,000." We told him the price was a little out of line, and that he'd have to reduce it some or we'd forget about it. "I'll talk to the boys," he said. A few minutes later he returned. "We'll take \$10 a dive," he said. He held us to it. He made us pay for all three dives.

If we want to be considered as journalists, we must earn the privilege. But, having earned journalistic status, we should then demand certain basic rights. We have to insist that we name our own reporters, just as our news departments do in covering a space shot. For instance, last year we wanted to use Bill Veeck as a baseball commentator, but the owners wouldn't let us. We should not let leagues or organizations tell us how much we can cover, or what we can cover, or what to do in case of certain occurrences on the playing field.

Much of the published criticism of televised sport is unfounded. People think we're greedy monsters trying to take over sport. Golfers claim they've been disturbed by television cameras grinding behind them. Television cameras have no film. They make no more noise than a light bulb. If we were doing a baseball game in color and asked to change the color of the ball they'd never let up on us, yet

continued

THE JACKALOPE HUNTER

Roone Pinckney Arledge, the vice-president and executive producer of sports programs for the American Broadcasting Company, does not use his middle name. "Roone is weird enough," he explains. As far as he knows, there are only three Roones in existence: himself, his father and his 22-month-old son. Arledge has no idea of the etymology of Roone. "It seems to me the most ridiculous name imaginable," he says. "It doesn't seem to mean anything. It doesn't sound particularly nice." Muddled strangers occasionally address him as Roo Knowledge.

Arledge is 34, redheaded, uncommonly cheerful and somewhat elusive. "Roone doesn't have any bad habits," a friend says. "In fact, he has no habits." Arledge was born in Forest Hills, N.Y., and grew up in Merrick, farther out on Long Island. After graduating from Columbia, he became a program assistant for the old DuMont network. He next went to work at NBC, rising up time to producer-director. His last show at NBC prior to leaving for ABC in 1960 was *Mr. Mom*, a children's program.

At ABC, Arledge created a new concept for covering sports ("Take the fan to the game, not the game to the fan") is the

catchword), was responsible for such technical innovations as the instant rerun and dreamed up *Wide World of Sports*, which has presented 87 different sports, ranging from the U.S.-U.S.S.R. track meet to an Eiffel Tower climb.

Arledge readily defends *Wide World* against its detractors. "You'll find very little of the basket-weaving-type thing," he says. "But certain sports, although small, have a zany or compelling quality. It took me five years to locate a fireman's competition. However, some sports are just second-rate. For this reason we have never done jai alai, badminton, dog racing, squash, curling and archery."

Arledge is more intimately concerned with the physical production of shows than Bill MacPhail or Carl Lindemann, his counterparts at CBS and NBC. He has a direct line from his living room in Bedford Village, N.Y., to the ABC remote unit, and he has been known to use it while a live telecast is in progress, declaiming, "You're shooting too tight. You're blowing the story. Tell Dick Button to shut up."

Arledge's favorite hobby is cooking. In fact, while at NBC he produced and directed several cooking shows. He particularly enjoys preparing game. "Most peo-

ple run game by trying to disguise its flavor," he says. "The greatest compliment they hope to receive is, 'It tastes just like steak.' In that case, why don't they serve steak?"

Arledge is also an avid hunter. His finest trophy is a cape buffalo he shot in Kenya that is believed to be a world record. Another measured head is that of a jackelope, which is "found" in Wyoming and is a "cross" between a jackrabbit and an antelope. "He was so sincere about shooting one," recalls Sportscaster Curt Gowdy. "How much do you lead them?" he asked. "Are they fast?"

Arledge is married to the former Joan Heise. They have four children: Betty, 7, Susan, 4, Patricia, 3, and Roone Jr.

He is especially proud of getting the 1968 Winter Olympics at Grenoble and the summer Olympics at Mexico City for ABC. "After we won the Winter Olympics," Arledge says, "one of the French committee men said to me, 'I must tell you that NBC was here, too, and told us about the very impressive lot of events they carry. In this connection, there is one question I would like to ask you. What are all these bowl games they have the best of?'"

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last year when the outfielders were having trouble finding fly balls in the Astrodome and Houston experimented with coloring the ball no one said they were tampering with the basic integrity of the game.

The most frequent criticism you hear concerns the time-outs for commercials in football. First of all, if the game has any amount of scoring there's no need to ask for time-outs, but we always talk to the referee ahead of time. If he will cooperate, we ask for the time-outs at natural breaks in the game, such as occur after punts or field goals. Of course, every once in a while you have producers who make dumb mistakes.

We should insist on our right to place equipment where we want to if it doesn't interfere with the progress of the event, and we should be just as insistent on our right to shoot what we want. If we want to show an injured football player writhing on the field we should be allowed to. In the Green Bay-Baltimore playoff game last year Bart Starr got hurt on the first play from scrimmage, and you could barely see it, even on the rerun, although it could well have been the most important incident of the game.

There's no sense unduly emphasizing bloodshed, but guys do get hurt in football, and to pretend otherwise is simply childish. I've seen an ambulance come out on the field and the announcer claim there's a lull in the play. If there is a rocket failure, which is, at the very least, a matter of national pride, the commentator doesn't feel compelled to pretend.

The pressure on television is to put things in the most favorable light. You are judged not only on how you present the event, but on how good the event is. A bad event is somehow your own failure, so subconsciously you let the superlatives creep in. You've got a lot of money invested, you have to make good. For instance, last January, Lindsey Nelson said there were close to 50,000 people at the Crosby golf tournament, which is just absurd.

Of course, the announcer hopes to have a long-term relationship with a sport. Without entirely realizing it, he keeps emphasizing the good points. He doesn't give the scores in a rival league, particularly if his game is 34-0 and there's a 28-28 game on another network. He also gives the impression that the major event is the one he's announcing. This even creeps into news shows, where the first scores given are always those of the events the network is carrying.

In addition, this country suffers from a mee-guy fetish. This is the reason why in football, if a back collides with his own interference and falls down, someone is always credited with making the tackle. No announcer wants to be the one to say that the dumb guard got in the way.

The main trouble is, announcers talk too much. They are like nature. They abhor a vacuum. Color commentators are the ones who are most prone to logorrhea. They feel guilty about the amount of money they get without doing much to earn it. They try to justify being there, instead of making pertinent comments. Out of this come the banalities, the superpositivism, talking about things they have no business

talking about. We had Art Devlin, the ski jumper, doing expert commentary at Innsbruck, and Veikko Kankkonen needed an exceptional leap to win the event. As the Finn was in the air Devlin said to Jim McKay, "It's not going to be enough, Jim." He kept on repeating it while the Finns were mobbing Kankkonen and it was obvious that the guy had won. If Art had waited two seconds the computer would have given him the result. It takes a while before ex-athletes get to be objective. When Valeri Brumel set his world high-jump record at Stamford, and 80,000 people were exploding in the stands, we asked Rafer Johnson to comment. He said, "Good jump."

When I got into it in 1960, televising sports amounted to going out on the road, opening three or four cameras and trying not to blow any plays. They were barely documenting the game, but just the marvel of seeing a picture was enough to keep the people glued to their sets. What we set out to do was to get the audience involved emotionally. If they didn't give a damn about the game, they might still enjoy the program. We began to use cranes, blimps and helicopters to provide a better view of the stadium, the campus and the town. We developed hand-held cameras for closeups. We ran the important plays at half time so they could be analyzed. We used seven cameras, three just for environment. We asked ourselves: If you were sitting in the stadium, what would you be looking at? The coach on the sideline, the substitute quarterback warming up, the pretty girl in the next section. So our cameras wandered as your eyes would. Sound had been greatly neglected, too. All they used to do was hang a mike out the window to get the roar of the crowd. We developed the rifle-type mike. Now you can hear the thud of a football when it is punted.

Today the weak point in televising is gross overreporting. We're no longer solely dependent on God-help-us finishes, but we can so easily foul everything up by trying to make it show biz, by saying, what can we do that's different?

Some things advance an industry, others are gimmicks. The isolated camera, instant replay, stop action and slow motion added dimension, but the *instant* isolated camera—that little picture in the corner—is terrible. These devices are analogous to footnotes. And, like footnotes, the worst thing is to use them excessively. The biggest problem we face is becoming enchanted with our own gadgetry. And the viewer isn't impressed with it. He thinks it's either magic or routine.

If it works in football we try it in other sports. You don't realize how few plays in baseball lend themselves to these techniques. Take a great catch. The only thing interesting is that the fielder is three feet off the ground. It's noteworthy, but you can't savor it like a long touchdown run. Putting a mike on a ski jumper is ridiculous. He doesn't say anything normally. What's he going to say now? "Here I go," or "I'm off, folks"? Just to prove that a microphone works isn't a very noble aspiration.

continued

There's a kind of loose feeling at postseason or all-star games that allows us to do things, and that, in a curious way, is a revealing commentary on the regular-season games. They take things far too seriously then. It's supposed to be fun and games and they make a religion out of it.

Years ago we were doing a baseball game in Japan. The Detroit Tigers were playing an all-Japan team. We thought it would be a great opportunity to put a camera in the dugout and have Bob Scheffing, who was then the Tiger manager, work as a kind of commentator. As it turned out, the Tigers had been partying all night and were tired as hell come game time. Jim McKay would say, "Now we'll show you the excitement in the dugout," and you'd see a bunch of people yawning or falling asleep. Prior to the game, we told Scheffing that although he'd be wearing a mike, he should do just as he normally would. Well, Benning is pitching, and he gets in a very slight jam. Scheffing figures he'll help us out, and goes out to the mound. But when he gets there he can't think of anything to say. "Jim," he finally tells Benning. "I want you to get this guy out." Benning almost fell off the mound laughing.

Some promoters act like they are guarding their virginity when we come into town. They're afraid we are going to ask them to fix the outcome. But the sports that are overly eager to cooperate work against you, too. A promoter who lets you do everything you want is like a girl who gives too much away too readily—it cheapens the reputation. An event gains stature when it stays the way it is. Of course, the *reductio ad absurdum* would be to set up house leagues and play in a television studio. It might be a lot cheaper.

The wise use of television has to stimulate attendance, as it has done in golf and pro football. If it's a good attraction people would much rather watch it in person. But television can hurt the gates of less successful enterprises. Now that CBS is going to telecast at least one NFL game every Sunday in every market there may be a problem in Los Angeles, Pittsburgh and St. Louis, where they don't sell seats.

The networks need something to distinguish themselves. CBS's image doesn't depend on *The Beverly Hills*, nor is NBC's based on *Get Smart*. The image is built on news and sports. Having exclusive rights to the NFL or the World Series or the Army-Navy game is damned near like owning a space shot or the Pope's visit. It has transcended the normal concept of a sports event and become nearly a national institution. Which brings up the question of exclusivity. In England the top four or five sporting events are available by law to anyone who wants to cover them. This, of course, is what occurs in news, most vividly on election night. In theory, people watch the network that is doing the best job. Eventually, I'm in favor of free access in sports as well, but the '68 Olympics, which ABC is going to cover live from Mexico City, will be better served by exclusivity. If none of the networks had purchased the rights to the Olympics, it would not get as thorough coverage, since it would be competing with the presidential campaign, which occurs at the same time.

The concept of exclusivity will have to be reexamined because of the use of other than live telecasts. If NBC has the rights to the World Series and if we want to do a two-minute recap on the 11 o'clock news, NBC doesn't really care. It's traditionally free. But suppose we're televising the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe and suppose a U.S. horse wins and we plan to use the race on *Wide World* the following week. If NBC uses a minute, or even 30 seconds, of the race on their 11 o'clock news, they have the whole thing, yet we paid for it. Of course, we're prohibited from getting together and saying you take the NCAA and I'll take the NFL, which is restraint of trade and collusion. As for pooling, pooling's for losers.

Overexposure isn't simply television eating up material but sports promoters and organizations trying to drain every last cent out of a product. A network doesn't make much money on big packages, but they set up the other sports, and advertisers like to be with a winner. The only way CBS could get the money back it spent for the NFL was to expand the number of games, but they don't want to sell a million games to break even. To amortize the money we spent to buy the rights to our major golf tournaments we've gone from an hour to an hour and a half on Saturday, and from an hour and a half on Sunday to two hours.

Baseball is a game that was designed to be played on a sunny afternoon at Wrigley Field in the 1920s, not on a 21-inch screen. It is a game of sporadic action interspersed with long lulls. Last year we tried rerunning plays in slow motion. It was redundant. On the other hand, even if nothing is happening in football, there is an aura of anticipation. The huddle is intellectually stimulating. What are they going to do next? You get a semblance of this when the manager goes out to the mound to talk to the pitcher, but how many times does it happen? And the pace and rhythm of football create an instant aura of action. Everyone in baseball walks everywhere. In football, even when nothing is happening, there is the appearance of action. Guys run. The unique thing about baseball is that it is the only major sport where the function of the principal figure—the pitcher—is to inhibit the action. He is a defensive, anti-action kind of personage, who is, perhaps, analogous in football not to the quarterback but to the middle linebacker. The quarterback stimulates and motivates the action. If the pitcher is doing his job well, nothing happens, which, from the standpoint of television, is deadly.

The geometric beauty of the baseball field doesn't record on the television screen. It's oddly shaped, its ratio is wrong for our purposes. Television has to cover sectors of the diamond. Instead of being able to watch a player, you see him only in the middle of a play, so you never get to know him well unless he is particularly distinctive.

Athletes have a way of understating their achievements. In baseball this is almost a fetish. When a guy hits a home run, he puts his head down, jogs around the bases and then



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hides in the dugout. When a team wins, it rushes off the field as fast as it can. When Don Larsen pitched his perfect game in the World Series he would have disappeared in two seconds if Berra hadn't jumped into his arms. The moment of exaltation is denied to the fans. The excitement takes place out of view of the crowd.

As certain habits have become accepted, an awful lot of puff has been added to baseball. Most people, unless they're aggressive, have to be motivated into action; otherwise they postpone everything, beginning with getting up in the morning. So you've got the pitcher standing there with the ball in his hand because he doesn't know exactly what pitch he wants to throw, and the batter, because he's afraid to strike out, fools around and fools around before he finally steps up to the plate. People will keep doing what they've traditionally been allowed to get away with, like arguing with the umpires in baseball and fighting in hockey, both of which should have no real part in the game; they are, for instance, almost nonexistent in football.

Last year Ford Frick told me after accepting our \$5.5 million to televise baseball, "One of the jobs that baseball has to do is keep television from making the show too good. The trouble is that television wants the viewer to see the game better than the fan in the ball park. The view a fan gets at home should not be any better than that of the fan in the worst seat in the ball park." But the problem isn't solely with the owners. Before a college football game we always put a mike on the referee. In our baseball coverage we wanted to put a mike on the head umpire so the viewers could hear the pregame meeting with the managers, but a local station had tried it and the writers protested. If television was on the field, they wanted to be there, too.

Sportswriters love to knock television, but they usually don't start knocking it until they find they can't get a job in it. At one time everyone waited for the sportswriters to tell them what happened. But their function has changed. In a sense it has been preempted by television, because television is simultaneous. Anyway, the newspaper guys have got to resent golden throats making \$100,000 to \$200,000 a year. They've got to figure they know more about sports than a lot of them. But, generally speaking, next to the College of Cardinals, no group has such self-proclaimed sacrosanctity as the baseball writers. For example, we wanted to put a camera alongside the dugout, but the owners were afraid we'd block someone's view or, more probably, take up seats they wanted to sell, so they let us set up our equipment in one end of the dugout. What we wanted to do was to get low, show the pitcher's face, the batter's, this little war between them, not just tiny dots. The baseball writers claimed that the cameraman would be privy to information overheard in the dugout and relay it to Leo Durocher, who was doing our color. They lodged a formal protest against our violating the sanctity of the dugout.

Baseball is essentially a local sport, a home-town sport, which mitigates against national television. It is probably the most partisan of sports. The fans go to the games out

of partisanship, not to see the grace and beauty of the players. And people don't particularly enjoy going to the ball parks, which are often located in out-of-the-way places, or run-down neighborhoods. It's not necessarily a pleasant experience, like driving up to the Yale Bowl.

Baseball should encourage the abnormal. It generally has a pretty high rate of predictability. When a person in the stands catches a foul pop it is often one of the most engrossing moments of a ball game. Despite the close pennant races, the biggest story last year was Marichal hitting Roseboro with a baseball bat. But it's not as simple as saying it's a lousy sport. A good baseball game is probably the most exciting event there is. And there is really a tremendous strategy in baseball that is not widely understood. It looks like things happen at random, that a base hit is luck. The ball goes between two guys. You aren't privy to the fact that they're setting people up, you don't know what the managers are thinking. The key decisions in baseball are usually little decisions. They're not as dramatic as in football, nor as immediately apparent. Baseball doesn't get credit for being the game it is.

Football and television have been ideal partners. They have a great affinity. The shape of the field corresponds to that of the screen. The action, although spread out, starts in a predictable portion of the field. It is a game in which action focuses on individuals. The quarterback is a meaningful focal point. The flow is natural and continuous, not like in baseball, where there is a play at third, then you cut to second, then cut to home plate.

Football also has a larger-than-life physical quality that baseball hasn't exploited. Think of the effect of a closeup shot of the players on the bench, which you never see in baseball. There is also a kind of excitement generated when people are dressed to avoid injury. The uniforms themselves are a sort of premonition of danger; in a sport where the participants wear crash helmets you are constantly reminded of the presence of death. Football has both violence and a chesslike quality that stimulates the spectator between plays so that he isn't merely sitting there and waiting, as he is in baseball.

The home run is the ultimate stroke in sport, but it has become relatively commonplace and is not essentially exciting. Baseball puts too much emphasis on instantaneous action, the trotting around after the home run is anticlimactic. However, in football, the "home run," or the long touchdown pass, is thrilling in its entirety. In football the great moments are both intellectually and esthetically stimulating. If Jimmy Brown is stopped at the line for no gain there at least has been a clash of wills, a physical pitting, a thunderous conflict. But if a batter swings at a pinch and misses, you don't ordinarily get the feeling that the pitcher has actually bested him. On television, sport has to have a quality where even the routine games are interesting. The average football game is set up in such a way that there's generally excitement.

Physically, professional basketball is an excellent sport

continued



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for television; it's played in a confined area and the cameras can be placed to show the agility, finesse and contact. One of the problems is a growing feeling that everything that occurs before the last 10 minutes of play is inconsequential. This is not really true unless you tune in to find out the result rather than to watch the game, or unless your sole interest is in betting. The end of the game has an intensity and a desperation, but certainly no monopoly on great plays.

Our principal weakness is that we haven't educated the people sufficiently to the subtleties of basketball strategy, as we have done in football. However, it's not an easy game to do commentary over, because the action is constant. There is no natural break where the expert can come in, and if he tries, another basket is scored halfway through what he is saying and the subject has changed.

One of the difficulties with hockey is the relative obscurity of the players. They are almost nonpeople when they take their uniforms off. On the other hand, one of the reasons golfers have become such super superstars is that they don't have a uniform to take off. Hockey is probably the most exciting untapped sport—all body contact, speed, the lone goalie standing up against the onslaught. It also has a certain grandness. A player who has committed a penalty has to sit in a box in full view. It's personal, you can identify with him. Football is the only major sport where the players commit fouls anonymously. Why?

The rules of hockey are easily understood, so women like it. You are close to the players, and since they don't wear helmets you can see what they look like. It would be a perfect sport if there were one less man on each team. When you've got six players to get through, it's too damned hard to score, it's too cluttered. The plays so seldom work, there is constant frustration.

One of the problems associated with putting hockey on national television is the structure of the game. There are no time-outs or breaks to get the commercials in, and you have the two 10-minute intermissions between periods when you basically have to fill time. Hockey would best lend itself to a combination of tape and live, but when you put something on tape you lose a lot of its appeal.

Another thing is that the coverage of hockey has not been as good as it ought to be. Perhaps color will help. The puck would be easier to see, and there is something about the color of the uniforms against all that white ice. (A football, however, is harder to see in color than in black and white. I'd love to change the color of the football, but I can already hear the screams.) But the major difficulty is that hockey is so fast and the puck is so small. In automobile racing and in skiing, where you're trying to show the reality of speed, you make illusions to create reality. You can't shoot a car or a skier coming at you or going away. If you shoot a car coming at you, it looks like it's parked. That's why we shoot from a helicopter hovering directly overhead; this way, the viewer gets the feeling of the landscape going by. What we ought to be doing with hockey is slowing it down by shooting it from behind the goals.

Golf is a great game for television. First of all, it is impossible to see a tournament as well in person as on the screen and, secondly, we have taken a sport which isn't basically a head-to-head encounter, which isn't even essentially a spectator sport, and have made it so by cutting back and forth between various holes and players, so that, in effect, you've often got the three leaders in the same threesome. We've also changed the pace of the game itself to make it more exciting. For instance, you normally don't have to watch the guys walking. We've been able to take out all the lulls in golf. We know that if Nicklaus is standing over the ball we can put on a minute-and-a-half commercial, or we can cut to Chi Chi Rodriguez and then back to Nicklaus again without blowing it. You can blow golf by not knowing the sport or the players, and live television is like writing on water.

More than in any other sport, golf's heroes have been built by television. Because of the tight closeups, you can see what they look like and watch them register every emotion. By shooting football tight you can get some great pictures. It's very artistic to see the vapor coming out of Bart Starr's mouth on a cold day in Green Bay, but a lot of people want to see the defenses. Arnold Palmer is probably no more animated than Gale Sayers, but you can barely see what Sayers looks like, even in a closeup, because of his helmet and nose guard. In fact, a pro football player has to be a superstar before people are able to recognize him without a number on his back.

As a traditionalist, I wish the PGA Championship were still match play, the Open were 36 holes on Saturday and there were no asterisks in baseball. As a sports fan, I agree that a playoff in golf was not meant to start on the 15th hole, as usually happens on television, but if you look at the real essence of the sport, when you go to sudden-death and make a game of golf hinge on who's best on only one hole you're already compromising the nature of the game, so what difference does it make if it's the first or the 15th?

Although golf has adjusted starting times for television and changed the format of one or two tournaments, its image has not been impaired, its reputation is greater than ever and attendance at the tournaments is way up. Actually, the worst effect of television on golf is that it has slowed play enormously, because the viewers are emulating the pros. If Jack Nicklaus spends 10 minutes over a ball, at least when he does hit it he'll hit the green, but a kid who takes just as much time as his hero will slice it in the woods and probably lose it.

Golf is slowly but inevitably building a bigger audience, but, unlike football, it doesn't have violence or ease of understanding and remains a relatively low-rated sport. The AAU swimming championships have outdrawn the Masters.

However, advertisers like golf because it appeals to a higher type than those who watch the Roller Derby or wrestling, and this kind of viewer will buy certain products, like computers. We are all influenced by our likes and dislikes,

continued

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and we put things on and then rationalize. I'm ashamed to say it, but if we put on the Demolition Derby for 13 weeks the ratings would go through the roof.

Tennis is perfect for television. It is played in a small, confined area, and there are only two or four clearly defined protagonists. The camera can get close up, surround them. You can hear the sound of the ball. There is more of a hushed drama to tennis than to golf, more apparent physical ability, and it has the same blue-blooded, snob appeal.

Ratings are meaningless here. People judge everything against the World Series. It's like judging a Sartre play against *Heilo, Dolly!* Tennis is never going to do spectacularly well in the size of its audience, but it commands a loyal one. Last year, in the finals of the nationals, you had Santana, a Spaniard, going against Drysdale, a relatively unknown South African. You couldn't conceive of anything more disastrous from our standpoint. We used to feel that if an American wasn't in an event you could forget about televising it. And, furthermore, rain interrupted the match for 40 minutes. Yet the ratings showed no one tuned out. One weakness of ratings is that they don't show the degree of listener loyalty it takes to look at a wet tarpaulin for 40 minutes while two football games are being played on the other networks.

The problem is, people in television get acclimated to thinking only in terms of mass audience. We have a responsibility to other than the superprofitable, superduper big events. Tennis deserves great exposure, and we owe it to tennis to see that it gets it.

There's a kind of thinking in television that comes from basic competitiveness. It's easier to get advertisers to buy something they can justify with statistics, no matter how tenuous. Tennis gets a total audience of five million people, and we consider it poultry. Why, that's the total live gate in the NFL for a whole season! It's amazing how we discard enormous numbers of people.

With the exception of the Kentucky Derby, horse racing is not a major sport on national television. The Prekrness and the Belmont are afterthoughts, and not as compelling. Almost all the interest

in horse racing is in the outcome, not in the sport itself. If we had some means of flashing the results electronically, no one would watch it. There isn't any great appeal to it as a sport, because it's not promoted as such. It's like watching strangers playing roulette—it's not thrilling unless you're involved.

Although one of the most popular sports, horse racing is one of the least understood. We in television have not done enough to bring the real sport to the people. The danger, agility and skill involved are virtually never shown or talked about. I don't think this is a sport we do particularly well. It's difficult pictorially. It would take a tremendous number of cameras to cover it properly, and even then I'm not sure we'd get it. The basic problem is that the horses go by so quickly and it's all over so fast. Furthermore, we haven't found a way to explain emotionally and physically exactly what the jockey is doing, and we can't make up our minds whether to focus on the horse or the jockey.

Curiously, the rerun is vastly more interesting than the live race, because at least then you can watch the race somewhat analytically. As with hockey, color might well be a big help in more successfully televising racing, but one problem will always remain: the race only takes a few minutes to run, and to get your investment back you have to be on the air much, much longer, which means there's an awful lot of padding.

The worst sport we've ever televised is unlimited hydros. We get spectacular pictures, but in five years I don't recall seeing one boat pass another. The most beautiful sport for television is figure skating. You don't want to put it on every week, but you don't want to have *coq au vin* for dinner every night either. Some sports are overexposed if you see them twice a year.

Skating is enhanced by its setting. It's a real treat to sit in a living room and watch skiers in the Alps. And there is a gentility to winter sports that summer sports don't have. Most winter sports photograph well, too, and they have a family appeal. These factors and the

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There's an inherent difficulty in taking something that is an individual participant sport and making it a spectator sport, which is the major problem with hunting and fishing shows. The thrill of bass fishing is sitting out in a boat on a warm day with no phones ringing. It is not particularly interesting to watch a man catch a bass, although you might enjoy seeing someone catch a marlin. There's a feeling to bass fishing you can get across in a still picture or by the written word that doesn't translate on film. You tend to remember in highlights, but you can't film an highlights. It's hard to do hunting and fishing well once you get away from danger.

I think in the future the big events—the World Series, the football packages, the Open, the Masters—are going to get bigger, but I doubt whether they're going to skyrocket any more. I think skiing, surfing, sky diving—sports that reflect the needs of the time, that have an undertone of danger—will grow, too. I think there will be a leveling off in weekly baseball games, minor golf and track, because they will be judged on their economic merits. I think the future of amateur sports is very bright now that we have communications satellites, as most international sports are amateur. College football will also grow, because it's more than just a display of skill—it has spirit, it's fun to watch.

I think there will be four divisions in the NFL, with two playoffs and a two-out-of-three series to determine the champion, and that the AFL will play its games in the spring.

Next season the AFL will be faced with an almost total blanket by the NFL. The NFL is going to run eight doubleheaders instead of five, it's moving its opening back a week and, in effect, it's eliminating the blackout, so the AFL will no longer have any markets all to itself. If, in the face of all this, the AFL can maintain its rating levels, it'll be a sensational performance. If it can't, it will have to move to a time when it is not opposite the NFL. What network would put it on at night, in prime time? So the AFL will be forced

to move to a different time of the year.

I also think you'll be seeing manufactured championships. We'd put up anything to get an NFL-AFL championship game. And they'll be staging match races of different kinds, like who's the best race driver—Clark or Foyt?

One reason televised sports are so popular is the overall growth of sport, but another is the changes in television itself. There are fewer and fewer live shows, which have the potential of something out of the ordinary happening, something going wrong. For example, the big quizzes are history. People like to watch people in dramatic situations, they like the unpredictable, the unknown, they want to watch something that has the quality of an event. If television goes to more and more Academy Awards, Miss Americas, live pickups, it will satisfy some of the viewer's need for sport. If it doesn't, and relies more and more on filmed situation comedies, sport will grow until it's scheduled into prime time on a regular basis.

We're going to use satellites to a greater degree, particularly when we get portable ground stations. Traditional times for viewing sports will alter. People on the Coast watch the Army-Navy game at 10 a.m. and don't think there's anything weird about it. There'll be more light, portable equipment, so we can get closer to the action. We're still shackled by cables and mikes. We'll try to design a tiny camera to put in a racing car without affecting its weight. We'll use micro-waves, or cableless television, for golf, so if a key play occurs on the 11th green we will have covered it ahead of time and be able to show it on tape.

The more we advance technically, the harder we make it for ourselves. And when you think you're getting something for free, you're a good deal more critical of it than if you're paying. If you shelled out \$8 to get into a stadium and could barely see the field you would still go home feeling how lucky you were to be there. But when you see the same event on television for nothing you raise a fuss if we blow a draw play.

We started all this, I'm sorry to say. Sometimes I wish we hadn't, and were back with four cameras.

END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by TOM C. BRODY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The trouble with openers, they put so much pressure on the social set. "Have you ever made martini and cucumber sandwiches at 8 a.m.?" asked one SAN FRANCISCO matron, packing the hamper for the gala at Candlestick. But the Giants (5-1) made Opening Week a roaring success with Juan Marichal and Bob Bolin each winning twice. Catcher Tom Haller, who usually does his hitting in September, went off on a .382 tear and drove in a mess of runs. And Willie Mays made everything perfect by hitting career home runs No. 506 and 507. ATLANTA (1-4) had more pressing problems. Mayor Ivan Allen invited 1,400 to attend the big pre-opening game bash at the Marriott Hotel, which had room for 1,200. But that was all laughs compared to what was to come. Tony Cloninger pitched masterfully against the Pirates for 13 innings except for one pitch. *Pow!* and 50,671 citizens who came to find out what major league baseball was all about left muttering. Relief pitching was supposed to be the ruin of PHILADELPHIA (4-1), but Roger Craig won two games in three days, and rookie Duroll Knowles pitched six good innings of relief to win another. The goals that the Pirates' Willie Stargell has set for himself and which are posted in his batting helmet include 40 home runs this year. No. 1 came in the 13th inning against the Braves, and the Pirates had their first win No. 2 came the next night, and *crickets!* (4-1) was off and wailing. "People who write about spring training not being necessary," said Sandy Koufax, "have never tried to throw a baseball." The best pitcher in baseball was battered for five runs in three innings in his first start and lasted only six innings in his second. But the third man in the LOS ANGELES (4-2) theme, Claude Queen, won twice and wanted to know if

Koufax and Drysdale would consider a three-way parley next year. Before General Manager Buzzie Bavas could choke on that one, Jim Lefebvre stunned everyone by hitting four home runs (*below*). Behold the New York Mets (2-1). It takes some beholding. The Mets lost the opener, as usual, but the next day against the Braves, Ed Kranepool hit one out with a man on, Jack Hamilton threw a five-hitter, and for the first time ever the Mets had as many wins as losses. Next day Ron Swoboda walked with the score tied and the bases loaded in the ninth inning and... great Scott, the Mets were over .500! Rant, rant, rant, relief pitching —CINCINNATI (1-2) had it all during the opening week, but Vada Pinson went six for eight, and Jim Maloney, who never could beat the Phillies in their own ball park, shut them out on five hits and struck out 13 while he was about it. HOUSTON (2-4) got five runs off Sandy Koufax, but all they had to show for it in the ninth was an even-up ball game. Enter Rusty Staub. He made the effort worthwhile with a run-scoring single and won another game the next night with a two-run homer. After losing the first two games of the season at home by a single run, the ST. LOUIS Cardinals (1-4) were still not ready to proclaim panic week. They flew into Pittsburgh and beat the Pirates in Forbes Field for the 18th straight time (tying a major league record). The streak ended the next day, and maybe a bit of panic did set in on Sunday when St. Louis lost again. Len Durocher's stomach hurt (*page 26*) and his disposition was rotten and for good reason. His CHICAGO Cubs lost five of six.

Standings: SF 3-1 Phil 4-1, Pitt 4-1, LA 4-2, NY 2-4, Cin 1-2, Hous 2-4, Atl 1-4, StL 1-4, Cle 1-1

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Frank Aguire was scheduled to pitch the sixth game of the season for DETROIT (3-1) but he was not too certain about it. "They're not going to let me pitch until they're sure they can't win them all," Aguire said. But Aguire did pitch the sixth game and, sure enough, the Tigers aren't going to win them all. Al Kaline hit a fat .364 during the week, raced to all areas of right field to catch drives, stole a base and finally gave his sore left foot the ultimate trial by kicking the water cooler in the dugout after an infrequent pop-up. When Dick McAuliffe hit a grand slam as the Tigers' home opener, out popped a sign from the very spot the ball landed saying: PINNANT HENR, LEON WAGNER OF CLEVELAND (4-0) said, "Our best call, they just ran over the other team." Jim Landis, the defensive whiz, helped win the opener for Sam McDowell against the Senators with a pinch double, then singled in a run in the 10th inning to win the third game. The firm of Robinson and Robinson—Brooks and Frank—kept BALTIMORE (4-1) in business with six home runs and 13 RBIs, and Jim Palmer apparently answered the question of who is going to be the Orioles' fourth starter by beating the Red Sox 8-1. Meanwhile Luis Aparicio had the needle out for Curt Blefary, who had started slowly. "You get my vote for comeback-of-the-year," said Luis, "next year." With that Blefary went 3 for 4 and hit a home run. "I think we'll just stick with the kids for a while," said CALIFORNIA (3-1) Manager Bill Rigney. Those kids, known fondly around Disneyland as Zek and Pow—Jack Warner and Rick Reichardt in case you're keeping score—ripped out 10 hits for the Angels last week. Reichardt hit a homer that beat the Twins, and Warner batted in winning runs against both the Twins and the White Sox.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Nothing inspires less awe than a Los Angeles Dodger with a bat in his hand. Not only are the fences far away in Dodger Stadium, but the air is heavy and even the best-hit balls have a sound of well-ripened fruit being swatted with a mallet. And the Dodgers do not have anyone who can hit with power, anyway. But James Kornetz Lefebvre, a slight young man who plays third base for the Dodgers, has suddenly become a bona fide menace as a batter. Lefebvre is a switch hitter, but his had trouble batting left-handed. This spring Duke Snider spotted him swinging away with his right leg locked securely in place. "Bend it, baby," said the Duke. Lefebvre did, and the good thing ended for right-

handed pitchers. The Lefebvre barrage started when Lefebvre, hitting left-handed, wallowed a home run off the Astros' Larry Dierker on Wednesday. On Thursday, Bob Bruce was having the time of his life with everyone in the Dodger line-up—except Lefebvre, who, batting left again, hit two more home runs. "I don't want to brag," said Jim, "but I didn't get good wood on that last one." Then Manager Walter Alton began to worry. "I hope Jim doesn't start overwinding and missing contact with the ball," he said. The next day, with the Dodgers losing to the Cubs 2-1, lefty Lefebvre rose into Ted Abernathy's curve ball and hit a three-run, game-winning home run. After returning to the bench he said to Alton: "Look, Skip, I made contact."



DODGERS' JIM LEFEBVRE

RUNS PRODUCED

(Through April 26)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs	Scrambles	Total Runs
	Scored	Bases	in* Produced
Hunter SF (3819)	5	6	11
Leifsbere LA (4204)	5	4	9
Ways SF (3215)	4	5	9
Stangel P (3751)	4	4	8
Aliso SF (3381)	5	3	8
Fasty LA (2671)	4	4	8
Lester SF (3221)	4	2	6
Block SF (3181)	5	1	6
McGowry SF (1421)	2	4	6
Calderon SF (1751)	6	0	6

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Clem M (5719)	6	4	10
B. Robertson Ball (3181)	4	5	9
Alyn Clem (5331)	3	5	8
West Del (4181)	5	2	7
F. Robertson Ball (3571)	8	1	9
Valdespino M (2821)	4	3	7
North Del (1431)	3	4	7
Kalene Del (3551)	4	2	6
Werner Del (3681)	3	3	6
McAuliffe Del (3181)	2	4	6
Davies Clem (1361)	4	2	6

*Normally subtracting RBs from RBIs

CINCINNATI (3-1) Manager Eddie Stanky was the picture of wit and serenity. When the Sox beat the Athletics on three hits, four errors, a sacrifice fly and a bases-loaded walk, he quipped: "Raw power." The White Sox stole six bases in a single game against the Athletics—two by Pete Ward, which matches his total for all of last season. It was just like old times at the opener for **MISSOURI (3-2)**. "I can go one more inning," is what Jim Grant told Manager Sam Mele in the ninth inning of the tie game with the Athletics. "You won't have to," said Mele. "We'll win it this inning." So be it. Sandy Valdespino singled home Zuko Versailles, and that was that. With Tony Oliva hitting four home runs, the Twins had three in the win column right off. Then everyone stopped hitting and it was like old old times. **KANSAS CITY (0-4)** had four legitimate runs batted in for the week. Catfish Hunter gave up only three earned runs in 17 innings—which was encouraging—but four runs batted in. . . . Sure, that trim defense was supposed to take some oomph out of the nosers (0-5) attack, but were 33 Red Sox batters supposed to strike out in two days? Five strikeouts one day belonged to rookie George Scott. "It was the baddest day I ever had," said George. As for that defense, the Red Sox made 13 errors, saw **YORK (1-5)** was stymied by a combination of puny hitting (202), nine errors and injuries to Shortstop Ruben Amaro (torn knee ligaments) and Second Baseman Bobby Richardson (spike wound in his left ankle). Frank Howard hit two home runs and a double for **WASHINGTON (1-3)** but there was really nothing to cheer about until Sunday, when the Senators cooled off the raging Tigers on a grand slam homer by Bob Chance.

Standings: **Clev** 4-0 **Det** 5-1 **Buf** 4-1
Cal 3-4 **Chi** 3-1 **Minn** 3-2
Wash 1-5 **NY** 1-5 **Bos** 0-5 **RC** 0-5



ABOUT THE BIGGEST RUCKUS ever made around Jack Daniel's old office was the day Mr. Jack kicked the safe.

When Lem Motlow, Jack Daniel's nephew, started at our distillery as a bookkeeper, he generally opened the safe. But one day Mr. Jack tried to open it himself, and when he couln't he got so riled he kicked it. Folks still talk about the fuss that went up. But they can also tell you Mr. Jack was never impatient with his whiskey. A sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, will tell you we're not either.



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BY DROP

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MODEL IN CLAY

Sirs:

As a faithful reader, I have enjoyed very much your coverage of Cassius Clay during his colorful career. I was, therefore, very pleased to see the beginning of *A Cure of Conscience*, April 11 or any, Jack Olsen's new series.

HANK STEVENS

Greenwood, S.C.

Sirs:

O.K., the point has been made: Clay has a conscience. But why waste valuable space in five issues to give publicity to his venomous and bigoted philosophy?

R. J. PERCUS

St. Louis

Sirs:

Five words would suffice: An unpatriotic, arrogant, mediocre screamer.

LOUIS B. MINTER

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

If I never read anything else, Jack Olsen's opening article on Clay is worth the price of my subscription. However, I am really concerned as to whether or not we are doing right by the boy.

If we love sports, as I assume we do, and if we are concerned about our athletes, which we should be, are we not shortchanging Clay? While I abhor the statements Clay has made concerning his country, his loyalty and what patriotism means to him as a Muslim, I cannot but recall other champions who, if not out and out Red Guys, were at least hypocrites of the first order. Clay is not what many would have us believe he is. To begin with, he appears far too naive to read off those profound statements concerning U.S. policy without considerable offstage coaching. This leads me to believe that the wrong people have appropriated the Clay ear. What is now needed is someone of the stature of Martin Luther King to talk to Clay. If we wash our hands of this young man we are not serving the sport, the athlete or the country.

As a white I admit unashamedly that I have been rooting for a white hope to come along and take the championship, but as an American and a lover of sports I take keen exception to the way Cassius Clay has been handled since he became champion.

THOMAS C. GORDON

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

I am sure the boys in Vietnam can hardly wait for the following instructions.

HENRY CELAYA

San Antonio

Sirs:

It is 11:35 p.m., and I am watching Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show* on TV. Johnny's guest is Cassius Clay, world heavyweight champion (excluding WBA).

As I watch the champion discuss his previous fights, I see not the loudmouthed, unpatriotic young man who would rather brag and put down his opponent, but a quiet, well-mannered young man who paid his opponents more compliments than himself.

SAFFER WOODRUFF

Greer, S.C.

Sirs:

I do not like Jack Olsen.
I do not like his articles on Cassius Clay.
I do not like SL.

You can strike my name off your subscription list.

MARION H. FERGUSON

Lebanon, Ohio

SCRUTABLE JACK

Sirs:

Congratulations on a very thorough and informative look at the Masters golf tournament (April 4). The articles on the tournament and on the individual professionals, along with the color photographs, all made this one of SL's most memorable issues.

RICHARD PIERCE

Dallas

Sirs:

That full-page color picture of Jack Nicklaus in your April 4 issue is undoubtedly going up in locker rooms all over the country. Mine is framed.

We don't know what the Mona Lisa was thinking about with that famous inscrutable smile. But there's nothing inscrutable about Nicklaus' expression. He has just loused up a four-iron shot even as you and I dollar-Nassau shooters.

It gives us a good feeling to be in such company.

REAR ADMIRAL P. D. GALLERY, USN (RET.)
Alexandria, Va.

FOURTH ROCK

Sirs:

Having lived across the street from "Dr. Joe" Zbozich during most of our adolescent years in Hibbing, Minn., I read your recent article, *Dorothy of a Stone-shower* (April 4), with a tongue-in-cheek smile. The Scotch Cup tournament in Vancouver was certainly not the first time Dr. Joe's brash, sarcastic manner had been met with an unsympathetic response. Long before his curling days, the fans of Hibbing trusted his cocky, arrogant approach to various activities and rewarded him by applauding his misfortunes.

Although I found the article nearly perfect, I believe you will find that Dr. Joe borrowed his rock's makeup from Fran Kleffman, one of the curlers who helped put Hibbing into U.S. curling prominence. Kleffman, whose rink represented Minnesota in two of three national competitions, had an extremely brilliant young curler by the name of Dick Brown throwing fourth rock, the so-called skip position. I recall that in one of the first international competitions following the national playdowns and in many major U.S. bonspiels they performed in exactly the manner of Dr. Joe. Kleffman, however, did not have the wrath of the fans upon him to merit such press coverage. He only had their respect as an outstanding "pro" of the game.

BENNY A. GRAFF

Mandan, N. Dak.

OFFSIDE

Sirs:

Three cheers for Action Outing Jr. and his stand on the "twinklers' revolt" at the University of Maryland (SCOTT CASE, April 11). Football is a precise sport, and the half-time entertainment should match it with precision marching.

Do West Point and Annapolis have girls in short skirts twirling batons? If the students prefer girl-watching they can simply stand by the stadium gate.

The charge that Mr. Ostling keeps girls out of the band simply because they are girls is partly true, for it is a nice girl who can withstand the grueling, perfect performance that Mr. Ostling demands. Girls belong in the stands—not on a football field, which is the masculine domain of football and precision marching. I know, because I marched under Mr. Ostling while attending Conard High School in West Hartford, Conn. and, therefore, am not completely unaware of his demanding schedules and temperament.

MIRIAM ROSEN

West Hartford, Conn.

BEST OF ENEMIES

Sirs:

As a dedicated fan of California Rugby, I was gratified to read your excellent story on the UC vs. Notre Dame game (*Greatest Game for Ragbans*, April 4).

Though officially a nonletter sport at Cal, Rugby has always been one of the most exciting spectator sports on campus and is fast becoming one of the most popular. It is heartwarming to see that the game and, especially, the Cal Rugbians are finally receiving the publicity they have so long deserved.

DIANA WALTER

San Francisco

continued



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Sirs:

I would like to say that in all of my travels with the Notre Dame Rugby team I have never been treated with so much hospitality as at the Cal campus (off the field, that is). Cal students should be proud of their fine campus, good times and, especially, their great Rugby team. But would the guy for "booby" who is running around with my jersey (No. 20) please return it? Our season is still young.

JOHN J. ADAMS

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

We ruffians at Yale noted with interest your account of University of California Rugby, and we, too, adhere to the proposition that the final score of a match should be all but forgotten during the traditional postgame party. In keeping with this spirit, it must be said that waving one's own flag for the sake of publicity is not consonant with the special flavor of Rugby, rather. However, wine we must. Let your readers be led to believe that the best of Rugby in this country can be found only on the West Coast.

Modern Rugby at Yale dates back to 1929, and its stalwarts have included All-America Footballer Clint Frank and former Mayor of New York City Robert F. Wagner. Further, though we applaud Cal's performance in Australia, we must report that the Yale Rugby Club has recently returned from an undefeated tour of another British outpost—Jamaica. And finally, we feel it necessary to point out that Yale, by a score of 16-0, defeated the same Indiana team that apparently blemished Notre Dame's record prior to the California tournament.

NORMAN V. CHIMENTI

New Haven, Conn.

THE BIG GAME

Sirs:

The most underrated set of athletes anywhere are the top tennis players of the post World War II era. Martin Kane's story of the recent contest of the best of them in Madison Square Garden (*The Old Game Stages a Rally*, April 4) reminds us that "Tilden-era oldsters" consider these pros "too dependent on the pure violence of the big serve and volley." Nonsalutic eat!

True, players like Kramer, Gonzales, Jaroslav Drobný, the ex-Czech, Trabert, Hood and Laver usually hit breathtaking bombs. But their games go far deeper than "pure violence." Each has special and subtle talents. Kramer's shot control was such that he could practice the theory of percentage tennis—aiming wide enough to beat an opponent, but not so wide as to risk an error. Gonzales, the very picture of violence, had the temperament to win the national amateur as a 20-year-old and stayed on top

round



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19TH HOLE *continued*

for years while the pros played year-round in courts of every sort around the world. Tony Trabert, never quite the No. 1 pro, had a backhand grip so versatile that he could use it to play a whole range of shots from a drop volley to an overhead backhand volley—all with the finest control.

Now, what about those players of the Tilden era? One suspects that their "long rallies, with their precision attack and defense," amounted more to laborious slugging than any real array of stroke play.

I suspect that not only Rosewall but any of his contemporaries is equipped with more shots than the whole Tilden-era crowd put together. I doubt that the Tilden set could stand up to the present-day pros any more than miles of the Roaring '30s could match Snell, Elstort or Jarry.

Compared to Rosewall's lob, the Tilden era lobs had all the control of a stringless balloon on a windy day. Rosewall has in fact turned this stroke into a kazo counter-punch that usually travels too high to be vollied and too low to be smashed. He can practically drop a lob down the back of an opponent's neck, making even the biggest player behave like a demented Wat-tu dancer.

So, with all due respect to Mr. Tilden allowing for the inferior tennis rackets of his day, let's give the players of the Kramer-Laver era their due.

ELIASE G. DOWNEY

New York City

Sirs:

It was indeed exciting to see these truly talented men play at the Garden. However, I cannot help but deplore the unfortunate circumstances that provide them with such limited opportunities to play and make good money as professionals. There is no doubt that the amateurs of tennis live off the fat of the land. This may be fine, but where does it leave the professional?

MARIE GALEN

Milwaukee

THE FANS OF QUONG HA

Sirs:

This letter is to inform you that the softball season began at Dong Ha Air Force Station, Republic of Vietnam, on March 12. In the first game, the officers of Detachment 1, 620th Tactical Control Squadron soundly trounced the noncommissioned officers, 10-5. Since Dong Ha is the northernmost American military installation in South Vietnam we undoubtedly have the record for the northernmost game ever to be played in South Vietnam. Incidentally, there was an SRO crowd of 35 bewildered, laughing Vietnamese children, who thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

LET LIEU T. THOMAS A. FALLON, USAF
Dong Ha, South Vietnam

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YESTERDAY

Johnny's Goof on Big Red

A talent still clings to Jockey Johnny Loftus, who rode the great horse, Man o' War, in the only race Big Red ever lost by JACK MAHON

You can find him virtually any Saturday when the horses are running in New York, at Greta's Cafe on Jamaica Avenue in Jamaica, N.Y.

He's grayer now, the lines are deeper in his weather-worn face and, although he always watches the *Race of the Week* from Aqueduct on TV, Johnny Loftus, 68, one of the greatest jockeys of all time, admits he has never been to the Big A. In fact, he hasn't been to any racetrack in more than 12 years. Yet Johnny Loftus was the first rider in history to win racing's famed Triple Crown. He did it in 1919 on Sir Barton. That year he won \$252,707 in purses, and his average of 37% on winning mounts is a record that still stands.

Paradoxically, 1919 remains—in memory the blackest year of ex-jockey Johnny Loftus' life. For it was in the six-furlong Sanford Stakes on August 13, 1919 at Saratoga that Loftus rode Man o' War when the immortal Big Red lost to Upset—Man o' War's only defeat in 21 starts.

Although Johnny doesn't like to talk about it, others have debated, dissected and distorted his personal calamity for almost half a century.

"I've explained that race hundreds of times," he says. "I was the goat. That's all there was to it. It could happen to anyone."

"Heck, if a ballplayer makes an error, it's forgotten. Why can't they forget that race? What hurt me most was the vicious gossip that there was something crooked about the race."

"Man o' War was very fractious at the start that day. He never could wait to get running, and the Sanford was no exception. He broke through about three times before the starter warned me to quiet him down—or else."

"I wheeled Man o' War around for another try. My head was turned when the field was sent away, I wasn't ready, and we got away fifth in the field of seven."

Most of the calamity howlers—who had never held a losing ticket on Big Red—demanded to know why Loftus

had not rushed his horse right up to challenge the leaders.

"Hell, I could have gone up and taken the lead anytime I wanted," said Loftus. "But Mr. Riddle [Owner Samuel D. Riddle] had instructed me to lay off the early pace."

"Upset and Golden Broom led all the way and hugged the rail—about three lengths in front of me. I wasn't too concerned, for they were running each other into the ground, and I figured one of them would be coming back to me."

"Man o' War fought for his head at the top of the stretch, but the pair in front stayed on the rail. When I attempted to go through, I ran into a pocket."

"In the stretch I virtually ran up on Golden Broom's heels. He was tiring, and I had to check Man o' War and go to the outside."

"It cost me the race."

"I went past Golden Broom, but Willie Knapp, who was out there two lengths in front on Upset, was whipping away with all he had. I started waving my stick at Man o' War. He didn't respond until I shook it in front of his eyes a few times. Then he took off. He closed ground, but he just failed to get up. We moved by half a length, but we would have won it in another 50 or 60 yards."

The hours of the sore losers that afternoon long ago lingered for the rest of the season. The next year Loftus was not granted a license to ride.

Though respected turf writers, his fellow jockeys and many trainers were in sympathy with Loftus, the Jockey Club kept him down and never officially gave a reason for doing so.

"I could understand some of the criticism," Johnny explained. "Man o' War had beaten Upset easily in the United States Hotel Stakes and trounced him again a week after the Sanford."

"But people forget the nine races I had won on Man o' War—three of them after the Sanford Stakes."

A veteran bookmaker backed up Loftus' denial of any collusion in the upset race of the century. "Look," he said,

continued

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Johnny's Goof column

"Man o' War closed at 11 to 20 [55¢ to a dollar] in the betting. If there was any gambling coup in the works, I'd have heard about it. The price would never have been knocked down. It would have been jacked up on Big Red to suck more money in."

The man who rode Upset that historic afternoon, Willie Knapp, now a sprightly 76, can be found daily at the Big A. Here is his version of the race they will never forget:

"Any talk of Johnny Loftus pulling Man o' War in the Sanford is pure bunk," said Willie. "It was just poor racing luck that cost Johnny that race and let me win it. I don't think he would have taken \$100,000 to throw that race."

"Johnny was so humiliated," continued Willie, "that he didn't speak to me for two or three weeks following the race." As an interesting aside to the biggest win of his life, Willie confides he received a fee of exactly \$25 for beating Man o' War!

"We didn't get the 10¢ cut the jockeys are paid today," Willie explains with a shrug. "The Sanford was worth \$3,925 then. It's worth about \$20,000 today."

During his career Johnny Loftus won virtually every major stake in the country, including the Kentucky Derby in 1916 on George Smith. In his racing life he won 509 races in 2,092 tries.

When he was not given a license in 1920 and Clarence Kummer replaced him on Man o' War, Loftus, who was having trouble with his weight, decided to abandon his riding career and applied for a trainer's license that was promptly approved.

From 1920 until 1939 little Johnny handled horses for some of the most prominent sportsmen in America, including Thomas Fortune Ryan, and won a fair share of important stakes.

"I finally gave it all up when I ran into a bad losing streak," said Johnny. "I don't talk too much about racing anymore, because when I do I'm always asked what happened the day Man o' War got beat."

Johnny works as a carpenter now and, for relaxation, likes to go fishing with his 12-year-old son. In 1960 he was elected to the National Jockeys' Hall of Fame at Pimlico, Md. Johnny didn't show up for the induction ceremonies. He knew someone would bring up the 1919 Sanford Stakes. And Johnny Loftus would rather forget it.

END

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